

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 18, 1969

10 CENTS

**ALEX KARRAS, PRIDE
OF THE DETROIT LIONS**



Photo by Bob D'Amico for Sports Illustrated

A man and a woman are standing in a lush window box garden filled with various plants and bright pink flowers. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored cardigan and trousers. The woman, on the right, is wearing a light-colored dress and is holding a small yellow object, possibly a flower or fruit. They are both looking down at it with interest.

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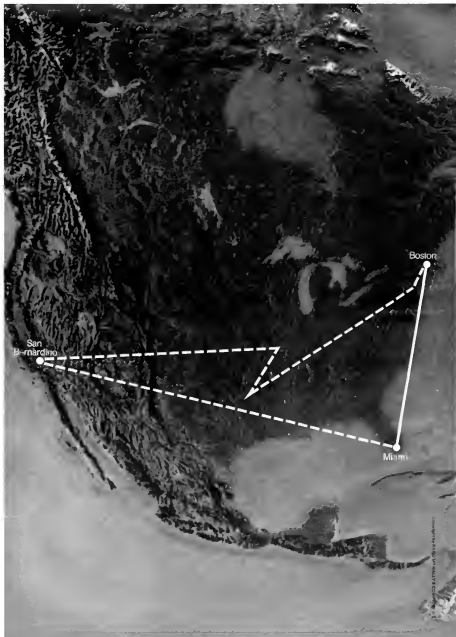
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Next week

THE SERIES BEGINS, and this just could be an American League year. William Leggett reports, and photographers cover in color the annual showdown between baseball's best.

HOCKEY'S HOPES for the 1970-71 season are outlined by Mark Mulvan, and the coach of last year's Stanley Cup winners, Harry Sinden, tells why he is leaving Boston.

BALLOONING's post lausque, a young man who crossed the English Channel on nothing but hot air and a grubstake from the Rolling Stones, is described by Harold Peterson.



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Jerry Koosman and American Red Ball, two moving pros, compare follow throughs.



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The follow through really begins after the game. I always study the record of each pitch I throw that day and look at game films to see how I can improve my pitching. This homework sure helps me on the mound and I think it gives the whole team confidence."

Even after you're settled in your new home, our customer service department will contact you to make sure there's nothing we've overlooked. That's the way our follow through works, Jerry. It's part of a moving technique that pays off for us and gives our customers confidence."

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BOOKTALK

Mrs. Bob Gibson gives the girls a few helpful hints on how to watch baseball

Breathes there a true baseball addict who hasn't wondered why (no matter how early the dinner reservation is made) he can never get his wife to the ball park much before the postgame wrap-up? Or why, once there and all hell is breaking loose ahead he invariably finds her AWOL 10 years over, asking a perfect stranger whose she purchased those adorable mawpams. The fact is, many women find baseball repellent.

Yet Charlene Gibson's *A Wife's Guide to Baseball*, written with Michael Rich (Oxford Press, \$4.95), could change all that. The wife of St. Louis Pitcher Bob Gibson has come up with a breezy, informative book that aims to help the feminine reader overcome her resistance to the sport, to make attending a baseball game seem a pleasurable event, analogous to Cousins' Clubs if not quite up to Falconer's.

No part of modern baseball is left unexplored, from the basic strategies of offense and defense to the complexities of managing the team. For instance, take a nebulous term like "fielder's choice." The female mutant shrinks from it as she would from typhoid fever. Mrs. Gibson's comprehensive glossary at the end of the book removes all the sting and confusion. "Fielder's choice [it reads]. The decision of a fielder when making a play on a batted ball to retire a runner rather than the batter. If Gibson has a ground ball to short with Mayvill on second, and Dal tries to go to third, the shortstop will throw to the third baseman, who will put the tag on Mayvill. Gibson is safe at first on a fielder's choice. (And, Dal, you should know better than to try and move from second to third on a ground ball hit ahead of you.) See? No fear or embarrassment.

The main value to women is the author's "just-between-us girls" approach. Typical is the account of what happens every time Mrs. Gibson plans an intimate, after-game romantic dinner for two. If her husband gets knocked out of the box, he won't eat. If he wins, he can't eat because he's so charged up and anxious to review the contest pitch by pitch. She solves the whole problem by sticking to hot dogs in the stands and saving the wine and Martini for football season.

Not surprisingly, the best-written part of *A Wife's Guide to Baseball* is the chapter on pitching. Annotated by her husband, Mrs. Gibson's analysis gives a highly incisive view of the cat-and-mouse game between batter and pitcher. After absorbing the 178 pages of Mrs. Gibson's primer, every woman should be inspired to doff her baseball widow's weeds and become a full-fledged partner to her husband as World Series time.

—RUBEN CARSON

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

ARMS AND THE GAME

College football traditionally evokes images of lovely autumn afternoons, falling leaves, pretty gel cheerleaders, bands, excitement, a good time. Now fear has become part of the mixture. A staff member on another assignment attended the Nebraska-Army game and came away with this reaction: "It had been a year since I'd seen a college game, and the change was chilling. Here I was in grass-roots America, Lincoln, Neb., and there were two police helicopters almost constantly circling the stadium. City policemen, highway patrolmen and sheriff's deputies were evident everywhere, both in the stands and down on the field around the AstroTurf. They were not at all the relaxed policemen you see lounging in seats at Shca Stadium, but men whose eyes moved constantly, alert for trouble and afraid of it. I asked a college administrator if the precautions were because Nebraska was playing the Military Academy. He said, "No. We took the same precautions for Wake Forest, and they will be in effect at every game we play at home this year. We don't want to be caught with our pants down."

"Among the precautions are: 1) the use of two shifts of Lincoln police, one for traffic and one in the stadium. When the traffic detail is flushed it is brought to the stadium to beef up security. 2) Elaborate plans to deal with bomb threats and demonstrations. The university will not reveal details, but a school publicity man called a 'bomb briefing' to tell the press that plans were in force. 3) Guarding the AstroTurf night and day, with added men put on duty 24 hours before a game. Lights are left on, and there is campus talk that dogs are used. 4) Watching pep rallies. The Army game rally mustered only 200 students on Friday night, but was accompanied by three squad cars with flashing lights and four policemen in enclosed motorcycles. I asked a public-relations man why all the police? He said they were

guarding the students. It occurred to me that perhaps the place where police force is most evident these days is at football games."

BITTER, BITTER

The Seven Eagles restaurant near Chicago, unhappy with the Second City's second baseball team, is offering a new drink to its customers. It's called the White Sox Cocktail because, the proprietors claim, it's a steady cellar.

GOOD IDEA

A football fan named Bill Pryce won an Ask the Coach contest run by *The San Diego Union* by asking why football doesn't have a rule requiring a player who incurs a penalty to identify himself by raising his arm, as in basketball. "This would let fans know who the guilty party is," argued Pryce, "and it might help to reduce the number of penalties, far too large now."

Coach Charlie Waller of the San Diego Chargers commented, "I think it's a good idea. I'm constantly trying to find out who committed the foul, too. When it's something like pass interference you know who the offender is, but when the foul is in the interior line you never know who is guilty."

NEW ORDER

The Boston Marathon, up to now a prestige event for impulsive, spur-of-the-moment athletes as well as for the finest distance runners in the world, is changing its complexion. Until last year, anybody could enter the marathon just as long as he passed the physical examination and was not a woman (which did not stop some ladies from running anyway, as unofficial participants). In the past decade the entry list grew wildly, year by year, last April, despite the introduction of some restrictions, there were more than a thousand starters. It was simply too much to cope with, argue harried Boston officials, who now will approve an entry only if the would-

be contestant meets these requirements: 1) he must have run an AAU-sanctioned marathon in 3½ hours or better at some point in his career; or 2) during the past year he must have completed a 10-mile race within 65 minutes, a 15-mile race within 1½ hours or a 20-mile race within 2½ hours.

It is all very logical and sensible, and one hesitates to criticize the people who, after all, have the annual problem of coping with the hordes of one-day-a-year athletes. But seeing the Boston Marathon change from an exuberant extravaganza into just another athletic event is somehow depressing.

A LOT OF CRUZEIRO

Soccer has failed to catch on in the U.S. as a big-time spectator sport, but those of us who are impressed by the tales of money that winning professionals cart home after the Super Bowl (\$23,000), the World Series (\$18,000) and the NBA playoffs (\$9,000) should be aware of the payoff at soccer's top level. Each player (and the coach) on the Brazil team that won the World Cup in Mexico last sum-



mer (St. June 29) has received awards totaling about 133,000 cruzeiros (which figures out to \$28,000), plus shares of stock in the Brazilian Light and Power Co. and a license to operate an agency in a newly formed sports lottery. That ain't collee beans.

ENEMY WITHIN

Against the pleas of conservationists and sportsmen, Congress has approved a White House-sponsored measure that ef-

PROCEED

fectively takes responsibility for saltwater game-fish research away from the conservation-oriented Interior Department and gives it to the industry-oriented Commerce Department. The primary function of the Commerce Department is "to foster, promote, and develop the foreign and domestic commerce, the mining, manufacturing, shipping, and fishery industries. . . ." Just how the Government can hold that such goals are compatible with the responsibility for managing and conserving sports fisheries and the natural resources of the sea is incomprehensible. Chalk up another defeat for conservation.

MUTINY WITH A BOUNTY

But mark up a victory for conservation, too. When we left the Hudson River Fishermen's Association (SI, Feb. 16), the Penn Central Railroad had pleaded guilty and paid \$4,000 in fines for discharging oil into the Hudson at Harmon, N.Y. Yet members of the HRFA, who had for years screamed about the railroad's violation of the 1899 Federal Refuse Act, were near revolt. A little-known clause in this seldom-enforced law says that half of any fine shall be paid to the person or persons reporting the polluter, but some federal officials were trying to pretend the HRFA had nothing to do with the case. Now justice has triumphed. U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour Jr. of New York presented the HRFA with a treasury check for \$2,000. According to Seymour, a new appointee who himself urged the Government to pay up, this is the first time a private group has ever received the bounty ordered by Congress 71 years ago. Said a happy Richard Garrett, president of the HRFA: "We're going to use the \$2,000 to fight other polluters, but what's really important is not the amount but the precedent. Now other people on any other body of water in the country can go after a polluter just as we did and collect a reward for their troubles."

APPETIZING

The Southern California Darts Association reports that the First Annual North American Open Dart Tournament was held in Culver City, Calif. this summer, with staggering success. Vince Lubbering won the singles title (and a \$1,000 first prize). Robbi Dobbins won the ladies' singles. Conrad Daniels and Joe Young

won the doubles and a five-man group sponsored by William Pfaffner & Sons of Philadelphia, a beer distributor, flew all the way from Pennsylvania to Southern California to win the team championship. All this unquestionably is of gripping interest to darts addicts, but what catches the awed imagination of the casual follower of the sport, who can take darts or leave them alone, is an on-the-spot account of the tournament that says the players and spectators in Culver City consumed more than 5,000 bottles of beer, one ton of ice, 16 cases of liquor, 300 bowls of chili, 700 hot dogs, 300 assorted sandwiches, 28 cases of soft drinks and 15 committee-member straw hats. Mustard on the hats was optional.

TWINS' TRIPLETS

When the football season began, the twin cities of Fargo, N. Dak., and Moorhead, Minn. had three local football teams with impressive records. Shanley High of Fargo, undefeated since 1964, was on a 54-game winning streak. North Dakota State of Fargo, the top College Division team in the country in 1968 and 1969, had won 20 straight, including two bowl games. Concordia College of Moorhead, which had lost a bowl game, had won 10 straight regular-season games. Then, on a Friday night in Grand Forks, N. Dak., Shanley's winning streak ended in a 0-0 tie. On Saturday night in Fargo, North Dakota State's ended in a 14-14 tie. And on Saturday night in Moorhead, Concordia's ended in a 20-20 tie. All within 24 hours.

Well, at least it wasn't a loss weekend.

DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Wimbledon will follow Forest Hills' lead next year and introduce sudden-death scoring to tennis. However, it may not be the system used this year by the Americans. Herman David, who runs Wimbledon, watched the U.S. Open championships at Forest Hills and came away dissatisfied with the idea of introducing the tie breaker after the score of a set reaches 6-6. "That's too early," he says. "Ultimately, it favors the weaker or older player, and stamina must play a part in the game. We'd prefer to bring in the tie breaker after 8 all or 9 all." Nor is he enthusiastic about the current method of using a best-five-of-nine-point game to break the deadlock (one player serves twice, the other serves twice, the

first serves twice again and then the second serves three times—until one player wins five points). David argues that this gives too much advantage to the man with the last three serves. He prefers a conventional scoring pattern—love, 15, 30, 40, advantage in and out, etc.—but with single, alternating serves. "That seems fairest," he says.

But David agrees that the tie breaker is here to stay. "That's certain," he says. "Spectators won't stand for marathon terms."

DIG BARGAIN

The Stanford-USC game has been sold out for weeks in the 90,000-seat Stanford Stadium. For the first time in years, scalpers are appearing on the college scene in California. The sellout also inspired an ad in a local paper from a real-estate firm, offering two 50-yard-line seats free—with the purchase of a house for \$43,950. Now that Stanford has lost to Purdue, how about \$33,950?

MISSING INGREDIENT

A fellow named Howard Mitcham writes a column in the *Provincetown* (Mass.) *Advocate* called "The Cape Top Gourmet." Recently, he wrote about the delights of eating striped bass, that elusive game fish so frequently not caught in North Atlantic waters. The recipe section of the column was entitled, "How to Stuff a 35-pound Striped Bass," and the list of ingredients, which included oysters, clams, shrimp tails, scallops, salt pork, eggs, onions, mushrooms, peppers, celery, cloves, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, French white wine, Portuguese bread, butter, Wesson Oil, salt and pepper, begins with "one 35-pound striped bass." Howard, we can get the other stuff, but we've had a little trouble finding that striped. Any suggestion?

THEY SAID IT

- Lionel Aldridge, Green Bay's 6' 4", 245-pound end: "I'm not beg enough any more. The game's outgrown me."
- Mayo Smith, deposed manager of the Detroit Tigers: "Detroit fans don't know anything about baseball. They couldn't tell the difference between baseball players and Japanese aviators."
- Al Kaline, veteran star of the Tigers: "I wouldn't want to keep playing if I thought next year would be like this one. How can anyone do his best in an atmosphere like this?"

END



(A sad sea saga from the MONEY file of frustrating cases.)

MONEY MAN: The seas of life play strange tricks, Captain Ahab, even on the heaviest. Who knows what storms may arise?

CAPT. AHAB: Avast and belay! No storm can take the measure of Captain Ahab. Nor can any man not beast. The one who needs your insurance is Moby Dick.

MONEY MAN: Sir, MONEY insurance doesn't cover whales. Creates mammoth problems, you know. But when it comes to life or health insurance for people, individual or group, you'll find us hard to top. Incidentally, ever considered a group policy for your crew?

CAPT. AHAB: That scurvy lot! Not a chance! (Ed. Note: These were the days

before enlightened employers. We are pleased to be able to report that today some 455,104 people and their families are protected by MONEY life and medical group insurance—not to mention pension and profit-sharing plans.)

MONEY MAN: Well, sir, I certainly hope you'll reconsider. Otherwise, you and your family may be in for a whale of a lot of trouble.

Ed. Note: Sad to relate, Captain Ahab failed to reconsider, and the MONEY Man's words proved all too prophetic. The white whale, Moby Dick, caused the captain's down fall, and, as it turned out, both MONEY life and health insurance would have been valuable assets indeed. Which brings us to the moral that follows directly.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONEY.

MONEY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

ARCHIE AND THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Mississippi is the place where a doctor hangs up a picture of Archie Manning and asks, "Is it really wrong for a 40-year-old man to be in love with a 21-year-old boy?" Manning is the red-haired, freckle-faced country boy who serves the University of Mississippi both as superstar quarterback and resident folk hero, and last week before the big game with Alabama all sorts of Archie jokes were floating around the Ole Miss campus. For example, there was the one about the poor fellow in Tupelo who intended to jump off a bridge.

"Wait," said a friend. "Think about your family and your religion."

"Don't have any family," the jumper said, "and I don't believe in religion."

"Well," said his friend, desperately, "then think about Archie."

"Archie who?"

"Jump, you s.o.b., jump."

So you might say Manning was in people's thoughts as Ole Miss set out last Saturday night to beat Bear Bryant and his stoked-up, much-improved Alabama team. All week the game had been billed as a replay of last year's turmoil. That had been college football's answer to *Gone with the Wind*, an Old South spectacular awash with melodrama, madness and more passes than Rhett Butler ever threw. At the end Manning had 540 yards in total offense, not to mention a national reputation, but Alabama and its fine quarterback, Scott Hunter, had won 33-32. The game had ended with a to-be-continued feeling in the air, however, because Ole Miss was driving as the final whistle sounded. Every Rebel fan believed that, given a few more seconds, Archie would have been able to save the honor of the Rebels. Sour grins, said Alabamians; take your loss and mount

The only thing soft and sweet about Mississippi's Archie Manning was his fiancée as the Rebels defeated Alabama to avenge last year's loss

by WILLIAM F. REED

it up there with your Archie buttons. And there the matter simmered until last weekend, when the rivals met chinstrap-to-chinstrap in Jackson's Memorial Stadium. The game had been a sellout for four months. At the kickoff the 46,000 seats were overflowing with bourbon-sipping, flag-waving zealots, and the flags were not designed by Betsy Ross.

This time Alabama had to play without Hunter, who was on the sidelines because of a shoulder separation, and that was a pity. However, Manning showed the enemy none as he marched the Rebels to touchdowns the first two times they had the ball. The score was 14-0, it was still early in the first quarter, and all the Ole Miss fans were raking tennis elbow from waving their Stars and Bars. But on the field, Guard Skip Jernigan smiled grimly to a teammate and said, "The thing about Alabama is that they never give up. You can have them down 40-0 and they will still come back."

Come back they did. With Manning unable to run well because of a groin injury, and not really on target with his passing, the Ole Miss offense sputtered long enough for Alabama to creep back within nine points, 26-17, in the third quarter. Then the Mississippi defense, which had been swarming over Alabama Quarterback Neb Hayden, recovered a fumbled punt, and that was all the inspiration Archie needed. His passes

began connecting. Suddenly Ole Miss had three more touchdowns and had turned the Tide for good.

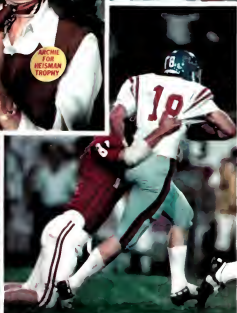
With the final score Ole Miss 48, Alabama 23, Rebel rooters were justifiably jubilant. It was only the second time Mississippi had beaten Alabama in the last 60 years. Moreover, the Rebels now were 3-0 on the season and bound to move up in the polls. The one person who was not completely happy was Manning himself, even though he had completed 10 of 24 passes for 157 yards and three touchdowns and had run nine times for 46 yards and two more TDs. "I didn't think our passing game was real sharp," Archie said between sips of Coke in the locker room. "And my leg was hurting, so I didn't feel fast. Understand, I'm not complaining, because we got the points on the scoreboard. But the defense won this game. They gave us all the breaks and we took it in."

Strangely enough, Oxford had been relatively quiet the week of the game. On the neat, tree-lined campus the students seemed to be having trouble working up a good hate against The Bear and a couple of pep rallies failed to rally much pep. A morale-boosting party raid (that's right, sir, they still have party raids at Ole Miss) accomplished little more than the arrest of 10 fraternity men.

In the athletic offices, however, the mood was serious. Coach Johnny Vaught, a no-nonsense fellow even in his lighter moments, had been unhappy with his team's sluggish performance in a narrow 20-17 escape from Kentucky the previous Saturday. In addition, Al-

continued

Manning on the living line: He passed for three touchdowns and ran for another two while his girl friend, Divia Williams, editorialized.





Alabama's surprising 46-15 victory over Florida had impressed him. All last week he and his staff spent 12 hours a day plotting and watching films and otherwise getting ready for Alabama. Vaughn brushed aside talk about last year's game ("That has nothing to do with this one," he said) and scoffed at the notion that the Crimson Tide, which had a 19-1 record against Ole Miss since 1980, had the Rebels' number. "No, no, I don't believe in that foolishness," said Vaughn one afternoon during a pause in the preparations. "Block and tackle, that's what it's all about. If you knock people down you can move the ball."

Vaughn was finding it more difficult to divert the focus of the football world's attention. He frowned and banged a stubby hand on the top of his desk as he said, "It's not that it's hurting us or Archie or the team," he said. "It's just an inspiration for the opposition. Anything you say is just more stuff for their bulletin board. We've had enough articles. What we need to do is to win some games."

Later that afternoon Manning was lying on his bed in the room he shares with Linebacker Bill VanDeVender. His game against Kentucky had been only average ("Boy, the mail sure dropped off this week," he said, smiling), and now he was staring at the ceiling and thinking. "I haven't had good games statistically; I'm not even in the top 10 in total offense. But that doesn't bother me. There are not too many games you play like the one we had with Alabama last year, where you have a real offensive battle the whole game."

"I'm looking forward to Alabama. They play good hard football, just like we do. It's difficult to say how the game will go. I think both defenses will work harder. It could end up 0-0, and wouldn't that be something?"

Archie laughed, then rubbed his right thigh. In the Kentucky game he had pulled a groin muscle and it had bothered him all week. He had not run in practice, and his injury was the best-kept secret in the South. "I don't know if I'll be able to run full speed," said Archie, "but I think I'll be all right. I've been throwing as well as I ever have."

Before a game Manning usually looks

unconcerned, but last week he was excited. On Thursday he was so absorbed that he almost forgot it was his fiancée's birthday. He remembered in time to give her a dozen roses. "I've never seen him like this," said that young lady, Olivia Williams, a brunette who does nothing to diminish Ole Miss' reputation as the champion Miss America school. "Even before the Tennessee game last year he wasn't this fired up. Why, I think he wants to hurt somebody, and that's not like Archie."

Meanwhile, in Tuscaloosa, Archie had other admirers. A student group sold buttons (WRECK THE REBEL HARBOR) in the union. Pictures of Manning hung on the bulletin board in the Tide's athletic dorm (the "Bryant Hilton").

"Archie beats you in so many ways," said Bryant with a sigh and a snifle. "He dominates a college game more than Namath did." Bryant had suffered with a head cold all week. He felt so lousy, in fact, that during practice he sat up in his tower on a folding chair instead of prowling about the field as he usually does. But of more concern to Bryant than his health was the fact that his best receiver, George Ramage, was still bothered by a knee injury suffered in Alabama's opening 42-21 loss to USC. And then, during Thursday's practice, a tackle pulled the wrong way and banged into Quarterback Hunter's right shoulder, his throwing shoulder. On Friday morning the injury was diagnosed as a separation and that evening, after the Tide had flown to Jackson, it was announced that Hunter would not be able to play. It hardly looked like an Alabama week, and wasn't.

Like last year's game, this one had several heroes, most of whom wore the white jerseys of Ole Miss. Tailback Randy Reed gained 99 yards and caught two touchdown passes. Wingback Vernon Studdard also caught a scoring pass and made the most exciting play of the game. It came in the second quarter after Alabama's Richard Cienky had kicked a field goal to pull the Tide up to 14-3. Taking the following kickoff a yard deep in his end zone, Studdard started up the middle, cut for the left sideline, zipped once and zipped down the field for a 101-yard touchdown. "The outside man came in," said Studdard, "so I went for the sideline. I'd much rather go where there's nobody than into a crowd."

Studdard was happy about that run, but probably the most satisfied players

were the men of the Rebel defensive team. Among its many accomplishments, VanDeVender intercepted a pass to set up the first Ole Miss touchdown and Linebacker Fred Brister made another score possible with an interception after Studdard's kickoff return. The front four—John Gilliland, Elmer Allen, John Aldridge and Dennis Coleman—opened up holes in the offensive line so that Linebackers Brister and Crowell Armstrong could blitz. They dumped Hayden seven times for losses of 79 yards. And it was Aldridge's recovery of the muffed punt at the Alabama 26 that started Archie toward those last three touchdowns.

During one stretch in the second half, Manning worked the option play about as well as a quarterback can. First, after taking possession at the Tide 26, he moved Ole Miss to the 12, then passed to Studdard for a touchdown and a 34-17 lead with 11:54 left in the fourth quarter. Later, after Alabama stalled and punted, he took the Rebels 66 yards in nine plays for another score. The big game was Manning's 29-yard pass to Floyd Franks, and it was Archie who rolled out to his right and circled end for the final nine yards, sore leg and all. The Tide made one last-gasp touchdown and tried an onside kick, but five plays later Ole Miss scored again. Manning closed in on this one by running to his left, stopping, sprinting again, then lefting a pass over the Alabama secondary to Franks, who was tackled at the one. Bob Knight carried the ball in.

The Rebels travel to Georgia this week for their toughest road game to date. Looming ahead are difficult sessions with Houston and Louisiana State. After the Alabama game neither Archie nor Vaughn wanted to say where they thought Ole Miss belonged in the national rankings, but their smiles indicated that they might be inclined to agree with the President of the United States. Aboard the U.S.S. *Savonara* in the Mediterranean last week, some sailors asked Mr. Nixon about the football situation at home.

"Well, Texas looks pretty good with that Worster," said the President. Then he pumped his right arm as if he were trying a forward pass and added, "But watch out for Mississippi and that . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . that Archie Manning."

O.K., Mr. President, see you down in Mississippi. And don't forget your Archie button.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEL LEDER

Into the Alabama and zone trots Wingback Vernon Studdard after 101-yard kickoff return.

ONE HEAD THAT COST A CROWN

By just that margin—and because he took the short way home—France's Sassafras deposed Nijinsky, the reigning thoroughbred of Europe, in the most demanding event that horse racing has to offer **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Despite the somber layer of rain clouds that hovered menacingly over the Bois de Boulogne last Sunday, the day of the 49th running of the classic Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe will go into the French records as one of the most glorious in the history of Parisian racing. In record numbers the elegantly dressed crowd poured into the new, modern Longchamp from every racing-conscious locality in the world, including New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Italy, Germany and Russia. They came in special planes from England and Ireland, and after hundreds of Americans had joined the scene a wandering punter might well have believed he had stumbled into the paddock at Santa Anita or Belmont Park.

The lure that drew this holiday throng

was, of course, the opportunity to be on hand as Charlie Engelhard's undefeated wonder horse Nijinsky ran his victory string to an even dozen by whipping as fine a field of international runners as has been herded into one starting gate in a long time. Canadian-bred Nijinsky had done everything asked of him in his 11 previous triumphs. He had won the British Triple Crown by coming from behind and accelerating in the last furlong to score one close decision after another. "Why, he's never been off the bit," boasted many in his legion of followers. "No telling what he'll do if he really gets threatened."

"That's just it," said those in the rival camp. A one-run colt like Nijinsky, they felt, might be able to get by with

his dramatic finishes under Jockey Lester Piggott when there was only an ordinary bunch of nonstayers to beat, but if he had never found himself at the end of a mile-and-a-half race in a head-and-head stretch duel how could he be proclaimed a super horse?

That ultimate test came on Sunday in a race that will be talked about and debated for years. And when it was over, amid screaming and hysteria, Piggott and Nijinsky found themselves beaten a head by the top team in French racing—Trainer François Mathet and Jockey Yves Saint-Martin. Their French Derby champion, Sassafras, an 18-to-1 shot owned by Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch, had beaten the odds-on favorite to take the Arc and its \$248,000 winner's purse.



At the end of a stretch duel that exhausted both horses and a record crowd, Sassafras leads Nijinsky to the wire in the Arc de Triomphe.

A shock, yes, to owner Engelhard, Trainer Vincent O'Brien, Jockey Piggott—and possibly to Nijinsky himself. But the result is not all that surprising when one considers Nijinsky was making his first start over Longchamp's tricky up-and-down course and, further, that the French jockeys' manual does not include the phrase, "After you, Mr. Piggott." Longchamp, as Piggott himself well knows, is a difficult course. A good horse can afford to take chances and even yield ground on the long, sweeping right-handed hill if he is facing an inferior field. But when there is speed from quality runners, one cannot risk losing a yard. In this race 29-year-old Saint-Martin achieved his first Arc victory with a superior, ground-saving ride every yard of the way. Piggott, on the other hand, rode so confidently and lost so much ground throughout much of the trip that, had Nijinsky been the winner instead of the loser by that narrow head, the credit would have been his and not his rider's.

Before the race the French, who have done nothing startling in international racing this year, more or less adopted Winston Guest's Sea-Bird colt Gyr as their own, even though he is a Kentucky-bred. There was a good deal of consideration given to the Italian Derby winner, Oris, and a little hope held out for Stanino. Grandier and even the 1969 Epsom Derby winner, Blakeney. So little was said about Sassafra (of more than 30 professional handicappers, none picked him) that Trainer Mathet was prompted to comment, "The French press is underestimating him. I think I'm estimating him about right."

Even in the walking ring Sassafra and Saint-Martin were all but ignored. Every eye zeroed in on Nijinsky, a big bay with three white feet and a cocky look about him. He was led by two lads at his head, while a third, armed with an umbrella, guarded the right flank and made himself useful by striking out at the 50 photographers who blocked his path. Nijinsky was greeted in the post parade by applause from one end of the stands to the other. The remaining 14 starters got mostly sour looks.

At the start only Grandier came away poorly, losing perhaps three lengths to the rest of his field. He never did much running after that and finally finished ninth. Up the long, rising hill the field

galloped, heading for the woods known as Le Petit Bois. The second Italian horse, Lar, took the lead, followed by Winston Guest's other entry, Golden Eagle, both of them in the field only to insure an honest pace. Saint-Martin brought Sassafra away perfectly and lay third, just ahead of Oris. Gyr was back in the 10th spot, and behind him, with only three horses trailing, was Nijinsky, a leisurely 12th. The order did not change much when they came out from behind the woods. Oris moved up to third, while Sassafra held the rail in fourth. As they reached the crest of the hill and started the downhill right turn Nijinsky trailed the pacesetter by 10 lengths.

At the bottom of the hill the pace picked up. Lar and Golden Eagle were ready to retire honorably, while Oris, who might well have done a little more, also chose to surrender. Now it was Sassafra on the lead, followed close by the filly, Miss Dan, and suddenly Gyr, who dined between tiring horses to become a serious threat. At the fence fanned out for the three-eighths-of-a-mile run home Nijinsky was hardly to be seen. Piggott had kept him three horses wide all the way down the hill, losing ground with every step, and when he was finally sighted again on the straightaway it was astonishing that 10 other horses were between him and the rails. Piggott had gotten himself mixed up in the very middle of the pack on the last turn and been forced to drift back and forth behind a wall of horses looking for an opening. He even had to check his horse before he finally did get through.

Then, as the crowd began a frantic roar, Piggott and Nijinsky at last got to the business of running. They overtook Gyr and Miss Dan with little trouble, making up some six lengths within an eighth of a mile. But there was Sassafra, winging away on the lead, and Saint-Martin using his stick and every ounce of his strength and skill to keep him there. Piggott was working on Nijinsky, too, and the last furlong of this classic was a magnificent battle. Foot by foot, Nijinsky gained on Sassafra. With a 16th of a mile to go, Nijinsky poked his nose to the front for the first time all day, and those who had seen him before were certain of the finish. "He's got him! He's got him!" was the shout Lester had done it again.

But Lester hadn't done it again. Yves



Mrs. Fleisch and her classic winner.

had, side by side they fought those last desperate yards, and at the wire, with Nijinsky either tiring after his first close combat or Sassafra coming on again, it was Yves in front of Lester by a head. Two lengths behind them came Miss Dan, in a rather remarkable performance of her own. She beat Gyr by a length and a half for third place, while the same margin separated Gyr from fifth-place Blakeney. Sassafra's time of 2:29.7 was less than a second off the track record set by Lexmos a year ago.

As the postrace dusk fell over Longchamp, contrasting moods were everywhere evident. One Irish horseman said bravely, "It is not only a sad day for Ireland, England, Canada and the United States. It is a sad day for all racing when the best horse gets beat." Yves Saint-Martin was sipping champagne with the Longchamp stewards and members of the Jockey Club. He had confided to his happy owners, "I didn't win this race as much as Piggott lost it." And outside, old soldier Mathet, the most successful trainer in French racing, was starting to walk, alone, to his car. An elderly lady, who actually seemed to have tears in her eyes, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and he turned to face her. "Bravo, Monsieur Mathet!" she exclaimed.

END

THE HAPPINESS BOYS AT THE TRACK

Like all of us, they prefer to win their bets but, unlike most of us, they have figured out a surefire (illegal) system **By ROBERT H. BOYLE**

If John (Ears) Hallaway, who is currently in residence at the Jackson (Mich.) State Prison while doing a hit for breaking and entering, would open his mouth, harness-racing officials across North America might find life simpler. At least, that is what many of those officials believe. Six feet tall and 190 pounds, Hallaway was born in Beirut, Lebanon 28 years ago, and he is known to at least one Detroit cop as a "mean s.o.b." Dubbed "Ears" because a birth defect left him with only tiny outer portions of those organs, Hallaway is suspected by Michigan racing authorities of being one of the practitioners of a new method for fixing races. This technique is called "wholesaling." Instead of following the traditional practice of stimulating one horse so that it can pour on the speed to the finish line, it involves the tranquilization of most of the rest of the horses so they move slower. In addition, the fixers—numbers and identity undetermined but already nicknamed "the Happiness Boys"—have come up with a tranquilizer that cannot be detected by regular laboratory analysis, and chemists in the employ of three state racing commissions and one Canadian province are going bonzo ransacking their reference books for leads.

Whatever the importance of their contribution to scientific chicanery, the Happiness Boys and their exploits might have gone unsung had they not outdone themselves recently in New York. There, on Sept. 23, they exuberantly set a U.S. track record of sorts by drugging dizzy seven out of the eight horses entered in a \$5,000 pacing event at Yonkers Raceway, which happens to be the biggest betting wheel in harness racing. Unfortunately for the Boys, they gave the horses overdoses, and hours before post time the pacers were lolling about with a glaze to their eyes that would have seemed normal in a Macao opium den but not in a racetrack paddock.

The first pacer to show signs of inordinate pacification was Beau Meadow,

who was stabled on the Yonkers grounds. About 11 in the morning a groom noticed that Beau Meadow was lurching around, and a track veterinarian confirmed that the horse was not well. Word quickly spread through the barns because there had been fear of an outbreak of equine infectious anemia, a debilitating disease that makes a horse listless. Three horses scheduled to race at Yonkers that night were at Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island, and two of them, Mr. Hoff and Worth Time, also looked a little dreamy, while the third, Assault, seemed fine. The Roosevelt horses were vanned to Yonkers where startled officials found that four other horses stabled at that track—Mighty Winston, Kiloran, Quarry Road and Hal Ruer—were off in lullaby land, too. All seven of the ailing horses had two things in common. They were due to start in the eighth race, and they exhibited these symptoms: a glazed, swollen look about the eyes, excessive sweating, lethargy, distended penises and acute diarrhea. The New York State Harness Racing Commission canceled the race. Only one horse entered in it, Assault, third choice at 9 to 2 in the morning line, continued to behave normally. If the race had gone off the Happiness Boys, without any conscious assistance from Assault's trainer or driver, could have made a killing. (One reason the Boys may have chosen Assault as their winner, and therefore stayed away from him, is that three Doberman pinschers are usually present outside his stall. Another is that he is a rambunctious animal and kicks up a fuss when strangers approach.)

Blood, urine and saliva samples from all the horses went to the state racing laboratory. The vets had found no trace of equine anemia, and the standard tests for drugs came up negative. "We never had an incident like this before," mused a baffled Harry Peterson, chief chemist for the lab. "I don't have an explanation for it." Despite the test results, the chairman of the New York State Har-



ness Racing Commission, Robert A. Glasser, a former Buffalo police captain and sheriff of Erie County, is certain someone got to the horses. "Seven out of eight horses in the same race," Glasser sighed, "That's a little bit more than you would consider pure coincidence. These horses were heavily tranquilized. It was probably done by a floating group. Right now we're operating on a minimum of clues. We're not even able to identify the chemical used."

Nonetheless, the commission had some leads. Yonkers asked officials in Michigan for the whereabouts of Ears Hallaway and the details of similar cases. It turns out that tranquilized trotters and pacified pacers have been stumbling around several U.S. and Canadian tracks for the last year and a half. Like the Yonkers horses, they usually are slated to start in one of the later races on the program, they all reveal signs of drowsiness, and none of them ever shows a puncture from a hypodermic needle or other



ILLUSTRATION BY MARC SUROT

skin bruises. It is a reasonable guess that the Happiness Boys are administering their drugs via the feed bag.

The first known instance of tranquilization à la Happiness occurred at Windsor Raceway in Michigan on April 21, 1969. Six horses entered in the 10th race were found staggering around. Three that were especially drowsy were scratched. The others, described as "just droopy" by one official, were allowed to start. They raced droopily.

On Dec. 13, 1969 the chief steward at Windsor Raceway in Windsor, Ontario canceled the 10th race after five out of eight entries behaved oddly. Four horses were doxy and the fifth "didn't look right" to the track vet. On Feb. 21 of this year Western Fair Raceway in London, Ontario canceled the eighth race after four of seven starters were found drowsy. Tests were negative.

On April 13, 1970 at Toledo's Raceway Park two of the five horses ready to start in the sixth race, a quinnella event,

were discovered in dreamland. The race was canceled and tests proved negative. Raceway General Manager Sylvester Jechura says, "We don't know who was responsible." For a brief time a wild rumor circulated that fixers were using a special gun normally employed by zookeepers to tranquilize elephants.

These are known cases. It seems probable that there have been races in which the Happiness Boys pulled off undetected coups. Whoever they are, they are able to melt into the backstretch crowd without attracting notice. And merely being able to discover the whereabouts of seven out of eight horses entered in a Yonkers claiming race is an impressive achievement in view of the maze of barns at Yonkers and Roosevelt.

Richard Morris, Michigan's deputy racing commissioner and supervisor of harness racing, agrees with New York's Glasser that the tranquilizing ring is well organized and operates nationwide. It is Morris and his investigators who are

especially curious about Ears Halliway. Ears has had various disputes with the law, ranging from a conviction for passing bad checks to a conviction for armed assault. He was between prison sentences from April 30, 1968 to April 14 of this year. He has been a habitue of harness tracks and has been observed currying friendships with grooms. Morris says he also has certain information about other suspects, but he prefers to keep it to himself at this time.

Somewhere, somehow, the Happiness Boys have found the secret of administering an undetectable tranquilizer to platoons of horses, and somewhere, somehow, the Happiness Boys are going to strike again. Chairman Glasser has one small cheerful thought for New York bettors, at least. He believes the fixers now will move on to another state. As he puts it, "No one would hold up two banks on the same street in the same day." Happiness Boys, wherever you are, the challenge is yours. **END**

MEET MR. TWINKLETOES AND HIS FRIENDS

Mr. T., children, is Alex Karras. He weighs 245 pounds. He runs like a mad duck. His friends are 35 Lions. Hear them roar **by GEORGE PLIMPTON**

Of course, it's too early to tell. The coaches know it and they're scared if you mention it, because it means the jinx is on, and they kick at the grass, and they trot out the standbys. "No, no, you've got to play them one at a time" or "Any team in the NFL can beat you on any given Sunday" and so forth. Yet there is a glint to the eye and a certain smugness in the voice, and you

can tell by listening to the players in the locker room that something more is stirring than early-season optimism. The Detroit Lions are on the move, their presence felt both on the field (3-0) and in a community that has not had a championship football team in 13 years and at the end of a season has been known to pack its snowballs ice-hard to lend physical weight to its displeasure. At a

recent banquet Lem Barney, the brilliant cornerback, was asked what he thought the chances were of the Lions getting to the Super Bowl, and before he could begin an answer the crowd was on its feet, yelling and stomping, banging glasses with forks and carrying on—an ovation that lasted for five minutes and was a tribute not only to Barney and the Lions but to the question, which in previous years would have been greeted with skeptical murmurs, if not raucous laughter.

The Lions' chances looked even more favorable Monday night when, surprisingly trailing 0-7 at halftime, they rallied to overwhelm their archrivals, the Chicago Bears, 28-14 in Detroit, and gain the undisputed lead in the National Central Division.

The Monday night game was in many ways typical of the donnybrooks between Detroit and Chicago. Players often speak of the "personalities" of teams, which differ so markedly that a guard, say, suffering an odd amnesia could tell, if he



remembered the feel of a game, just who the opponents were. The great New York Giant teams were surgical and neat. So was Green Bay. Its opponents never felt overpowered or brutalized and at the end of a game were just as vigorous as at the beginning, all set to continue whomping the Packers except that the scoreboard clock had stopped and the score was the wrong way around. Some teams have schizoid personalities. Kansas City has a deft brush-block offense that leaves the opposition still on its feet after a play, standing around and wondering what's happened; yet its defense is massive and corrupting. Minnesota and Atlanta, on the other hand, possess all-encompassing, simple, brutal philosophies—very likely the result of the stern attitudes of Norman Van Brocklin who put together both clubs—in which offense and defense tend equally to run straight at and over people. Chicago has traditionally had very rough defenses, invariably bog and quick-tempered, perpetuated by the "Monsters of the Midway" sobriquet that has patterned the Bears' personal habits and probably won games for them, too.

Indeed, all the National Central teams have had storied defenses—Chicago, Green Bay, Detroit and, more recently, Minnesota with its Purple People Eater front four. These clubs could be beaten, but it was a painful, difficult process, and the victors were likely to moan for a week and look at their welts and wonder how they ever got out of those cold frontier towns alive.

Lion fans have always cherished their defense. When Detroit won its 1957 championship the celebrating crowd swept up Joe Schmidt, the middle linebacker, on its shoulders and left the offensive team to struggle off the field on its own. Two Sundays ago a Tiger Stadium crowd roundly booed Cincinnati for running a Detroit shutout with a meaningless field goal late in the game rather than manfully testing the defense with a touchdown try. Lion defensive units have won nicknames. There were "Chris' Crew" (a secondary composed of Jack Christiansen, Jim David and Carl

Karilwacz) and the original "Fearsome Foursome" (Darris McCord, Alex Karras, Roger Brown and Sam Williams). But the Detroit offensive in those days was such a sputtery, damp-powder thing that the Los Angeles Rams, with an excellent record and championship propensities, appropriated the name for their defensive line and it stuck.

The 1970 version of the Lion defense is worthy of its tradition: in the first two games it allowed only 254 yards and the measly three points. Yet the line is comparatively small, relying not on an overpowering rush like Minnesota, but on guile and teamwork. Defensive Coach Jim David has built his defense to suit his personnel, and he has the blitzingest unit in football, rushing linebackers and safeties through the lanes prepared by the deceptive coordination of the front four.

The most venerable Lion up front is Alex Karras, 35 (see cover). Everyone calls him "Big Al" but, in truth, he is a relatively stubby, hydrantlike figure of 245 pounds. He wears horn-rimmed glasses off the field, which give him a benign, owl-like bearing, but his enormous gift on the field is a mad-duck agility—"Mr. Twinkletoes" the coaches call him. At this stage in the season Karras is still working up to his potential. Last year, in the second Green Bay game, he received the only serious injury of his career—cartilage damage to a knee that required postseason surgery, and he was on a cane until March. Seeing him down, the Green Bay crowd let loose with a strange sustained cry of triumph that lasted until Karras hobbled off the field—a reaction that he considers the greatest accolade of his career. "I'd done enough damage to Green Bay to make them hate me that much," he says. "Well, that's a tribute, and I wish I'd done enough up there to make them yell three times as loud."

A defense that depends, as Detroit's does, on communication and teamwork, requires an able play-caller, and it has one in Middle Linebacker Mike Lucci, whom Joe Schmidt, now the Lion head coach, rates above Ray Nitschke and Dick Butkus. "If you wanted to kill Detroit," Jim Martin, the defensive line coach, says, "you'd kidnap Lucci."

Lucci is rueful about his relative obscurity, but he accepts the fact that recognition for a player who comes into

the league unheralded (as opposed to the fanfare greeting a Tommy Nobis or a Butkus) and plays for an also-ran ball club (Nitschke has been on five championship teams) is not usually forthcoming. "But now it's my turn," he says with a sly grin. "Jim David has given us a system; we have the personnel; nobody has any business scoring on us."

The most notable figure in an excellent defensive secondary is All-Pro Len Barney, who is perhaps the best natural athlete in the league—graceful, quick and versatile (he runs back punts and last year was the team's punter). He is joyous, easygoing and likes himself in flat, dusterlike Big Apple hats (he has eight) that he wears around the locker room. The hat is the last item off before he gets into his football suit and the first thing on when he comes in from the field. Quarterbacks avoid throwing in his direction, which depresses him because he likes action, but then he has his punt returns for compensation. Against Cincinnati he scooped up a punt that was rolling dead, the ball slowly rocking back and forth beneath the feet of a near circle of Bengals, one of them bending to touch it down, the field judge inhaling to blow his whistle—and Barney reached in, snatched it and crested the startled group for a 61-yard touchdown run.

Last year Karras, Lucci, Barney, et al. were a close second behind the Vikings in overall defensive statistics. But only one Lion (Barney) was picked from the defensive unit to play in the Pro Bowl, an oversight that caused grumbling and yet could be considered an encomium to the cohesive and unified structure devised by Jim David. Jerry Rush, the aptly named tackle, has pointed out: "It's the sum of our parts that is awesome."

David has given the Lions his own considerable competitive instincts. As a Detroit cornerback (1952-59), he was known as "The Hatchet," and it was said that running into his area was to traffic with a buzz saw ripped from its sockets and careering around the wooded yard—a slight confusion of metaphor perhaps, but to the point. David once broke Y. A. Tittle's jaw in several places, and he carried on such a highly publicized rivalry with Tom Fears of the Rams that on one occasion in Los Angeles, when the mood of the crowd got unusu-

continued

The Karras-coached Broncofield Jets lost their only game 2-0 when Alex Jr., 10, was caught for a safety on a play sent in by guys who,

ally ugly, George Wilson, then an assistant coach, took David out and furiously changed his jersey in case the crowd got completely out of hand and came down to find him.

So habituated is Detroit to the idea of a cannoning defense and a popgun offense that its first two games this season were described by more than one local writer as great "defensive" victories despite the high offensive totals—40-0 over Green Bay, 38-3 over Cincinnati. Schmidt has concentrated on offense this season, and that most intricate of mechanisms, the offensive line, has finally begun to mesh. In previous years, when Mel Farr, the quicksilver running back from UCLA, turned up on his cut, his way was barred by terrifying thickets of tacklers. Now the likes of Roger Shoals, Chuck Walton, Rocky Freitas and Ed Flanagan clear his path. Farr attributes his present success (140 yards in two games) to his blockers: "I'm not running any better," he says, "but the line is there and even an average running back with a great line is a top back."

Finally, the Lions have depth. There are three good quarterbacks: Bill Munson, Greg Landry and Greg Barton; a host of running backs, including Albie Taylor, Bill Triplett and Nick Eddy; and All-Pro Tight End Charlie Sanders has Craig Cotton behind him.

"In the old days," Alex Karras reminisces, "a guy'd get hurt, the coaches would give this big gasp, and you'd watch a rookie give a little yell and come off the bench to take the guy's place. His contact lenses would tumble out on the way out to the huddle, and you'd see him put his hands out in front of him like a blind man, and he'd say, 'Well, if you just point me in the right direction maybe' I mean they were eager, those cats we used to have. It's different now. On this club, a guy gets hurt and the coaches give this little shrug of the shoulders and they call out, 'Well, all right, well,' and off the bench comes a guy who's 800 feet tall and good enough to make your eyes pop, and he's got someone behind him, too. Imagine a club good enough to lose three fine players through injury [Steve Owens, Earl McCulloch and John Wright] and not be hurting."

The keeper of all this talent is Schmidt, who took the head coaching job in 1967 with great reluctance. He was self-praising enough to ask for assistants who knew more football than he did: for ex-

ample, Offensive Coach Bill McPeak was an NFL head coach for five years.

Schmidt's own coaching career began with a humiliation that he often thinks back on to remind himself of the precariousness of the profession and to give himself assurance that he has come a long way. In his first game, an exhibition against Denver, the Lions were beaten 13-7, the NFL's first loss to an AFL team. Schmidt and the league weren't alone in their shame. Alex Karras was thrown out in the second half. Consumed with fury, he cast about for some form of self-flagellation and ended up by chain-smoking 40 cigarettes in the shower room. He had announced publicly that if Denver won the game he would walk home to Detroit, which gave him a banquet-circuit line that year . . . that he was late because he'd just got in from Colorado.

The Denver game had further significance for Karras and Schmidt. Karras suffered such dizzy spells from his smoking bout that he gave up cigarettes entirely despite having smoked since the age of 13. Schmidt not only lost, he achieved instant notoriety, a point which it is well to have behind you.

For four years Schmidt and his coaches have worked on rebuilding their ball club. Last year might have been the Year of the Lion if it had not been for an opening-day loss to Pittsburgh, the only game the Steelers won in 1969. Schmidt thinks he brought the Lions in too "tight" but some of the players think that the Steelers' loss may have been the true making of the team, the last vestige of adolescence having its fling. From that point on, and despite injuries and weaknesses in certain positions, punting especially, Detroit won nine games, tied one and lost three, two of them to the Vikings. Up until Monday's Chicago game, the Lion goal line has not been crossed in four league games, including the last two in 1969.

One advantage that Schmidt enjoys as a coach is that he has not been long out of the playing ranks. He has a particular accord with his men. Without a touch of self-consciousness, he can deliver the soul-searing perorations that give a player or team a lift. Schmidt has been there himself, in the wars, he was possibly the best there ever was at his position. He continues to keep himself in shape with laps after practice and weight-machine exercises so that when

he tells his players that he wants the win, that they'd better get the jump on the opposition or he's going to go in and beat them up himself, he is convincing. One of his admiring players, a man who has drifted from team to team in the NFL, says that Schmidt is the only coach he has come across whose words are never made fun of. (This is a common practice—to exchange the verbal excesses that coaches are prone to, the malapropisms, the clichés.)

And what of Alex Karras, the old rogue, the great Lion in the final years of his extraordinary and tumultuous career? This year he turned up at training camp a surprisingly changed figure. True, there were the usual preseason rumbles and observations, many of which found their way into the press. Karras is a man who speaks his mind and is frequently occupied with out-of-the-way matters: he ran a golf tournament to benefit cystic fibrosis in Flint, Mich. last June, during which a cannon was shot off from time to time behind the first tee to keep, as he put it, "the golfers on their toes"; there were his usual salary complaints; a few digs at Commissioner Pete Rozelle, a favorite target; a threat or so to give up football and retire to Iowa; an appearance in a weird TV commercial in which he picked up a small sports car and held it upside down to drain its gas tank into a bucket; and his admission on *The Tonight Show* of his boyhood terror of playing against older kids who had "hairy bodies."

But once the players' strike was over and the season under way, a relative quiet enveloped him, which bewildered even his teammates. Some felt his injury was bothering him. Others reckoned management had prevailed on him to contain his high jinks. Others detected a mellowing process. He is, after all, a recent dabbler in his neighborhood PTA and the coach of a Pony League football team, the Jets. When one of his youthful charges said, "Mr. Karras, I can't come to practice tomorrow. I have a French horn lesson," he managed to resist the temptation to speak ill of French horns and what he'd like to do with their 15-odd feet of tubing.

Karras himself senses a change. Being older, he has less in common with a team whose average age is 26. His injury, though improving daily, bothers him and he speaks of retreating a bit because of it—"like a wounded dog"; he

continued

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is outraged by the mockery of not being 100", right when his team is a strong contender. That's the chief reason for his transformation: that he has looked around and found himself on a team that could go all the way.

"In the 12 years I've played for Detroit," he says, "I've never felt this way before. In past years we've always said, 'Oh, if we only had an offensive line or a placekicker or a quarterback or a punter.' We've always had an excuse. Now we don't have one. The coaches have put it together and they've presented it to us. They say, 'Well, here you are.' What can you say? The gun is loaded. No more blanks. The live stuff's in there. Now it's our responsibility."

"I felt all this after the Kansas City exhibition game. We lost that game, but then we'd only had about four days of practice, and I looked around and I saw that the coaches had given us this very, very good machine. After the game I telephoned a friend of mine who thought I was going to explode on somebody, which you usually do when you lose. He couldn't believe it, knowing me, when I told him in this quiet voice that we were going a long way, that maybe we had a championship team. He kept saying, 'Hey, Alex, is that you? You been hit on the head? You all right?'"

The other day Dick LeBeau, the veteran cornerback, was sitting in the gloom of a suburban Detroit nightclub called Basin Street and feeling very all right. The waitresses were pretty, with piled-up hair, and they doubled as go-go dancers. They wore long red jumpers with big zippers in front, which they pulled when the time came. Then they would set their trays down and gyrate slowly on a little stage. LeBeau is a man of lively imagination and he was convinced that he had spotted Justice William O. Douglas sitting at a ringside table.

"Hey, Judge!" he kept calling out.

Finally the man turned to order a drink and LeBeau hollered, "You asking for a change of venue?"

"That doesn't look anything like the Justice," someone said.

"He's in disguise," LeBeau said.

"You were talking about the Lions' attitude," he was reminded.

"Oh, yes," said LeBeau. "Well, I'll tell you one thing. We're not fat or happy."

"Well, what are you?"

"We're hungry," LeBeau said. **END**



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THREE BIRDS WHO MAINLY STAY

Baltimore's Big Three pitching staff was as successful as ever. Without dazzling anyone, it merely engineered a sweep over the Minnesota Twins. So now bring on the Reds **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

Anyone desiring a career as a mound mainstay should apply to the Baltimore Orioles. Not that the Orioles need any more mound mainstays just now—they have three 20-game winners in Mike Cuellar, Dave McNally and Jim Palmer—but the Orioles are to a mound mainstay what a houseful of ravishingly beautiful hens is to a mainstay rooster. They make the job so much easier.

Consider the aid and comfort given Cuellar when he started the first game of the American League championship playoff series against the Minnesota Twins on Saturday. Cuellar does not like to pitch in the sort of chill that pervaded the Twins' Metropolitan Stadium,

which may explain why his screwball was not working, why his fastball lacked its usual quickness and why he was reached for six runs in 4½ innings. But was he brought low and tagged with a damaging loss? Not at all. The accommodating Baltimore hitters scored 10 runs off Minnesota's mainstay, 24-game winner Jim Perry, and his relief. They even loaded the bases so that Cuellar personally could hit a grand-slam home run of sorts just far over the right-field fence. And they won 10-6.

On the next two days McNally and Palmer took their turns with a senescent six-hitter and a snazzy 12-strikeout job, respectively, and the Oriole hit-

ters—including McNally and Palmer—did their part to produce 11-3 and 6-1 victories. Altogether it was the kind of seldom sensational but predictably sufficient pitching that the Orioles' Big Three have been turning in this year, causing word to get out that the team has not only three mainstays, but also three stoppers.

A stopper is even better than a mainstay. He is a pitcher whose consistent presence in the win column, by whatever score, keeps a team from settling into a losing streak. On Saturday and Sunday Minnesota was treated to excellent examples of how these stoppers function. After the first inning of the



HAS TO GO BACK TO THE 1944 TIGERS TO FIND A THREEGUY AS EFFECTIVE AS BALTIMORE'S McNALLY, PALMER AND CUELLAR

first game the Orioles were never behind. When Cuellar faltered he had a six-run lead. When McNally gave the Twins their first two hits—both home runs—he had a four-run lead. Those hits made it 4-3, but McNally never let the Twins score again. As they have been all season, Baltimore's stoppers were exactly as good as they had to be.

The Orioles do lose games, and so does one of the Big Three now and then. But all year they never lost more than two straight in which a member of the Big Three was the starter. Baltimore's longest losing streak was three. The team had only two such streaks, and McNally stopped them both.

Palmer, who only once lost as many as two straight decisions himself, snapped four Oriole losing streaks at two, and Cuellar cut two. During August the Orioles stopped the other teams for good. They had only one losing streak longer than a single game and the Big Three went 19-2.

Between them, Cuellar (24-8), McNally

(24-9) and Palmer (20-10) won 68 games—the most by three pitchers on the same club since Hal Newhouser, Dizzy Trout and Rufus Gentry of the wartime 1944 Detroit Tigers and more than any of the fabled Cleveland Big Three (various combinations of Bob Lemon, Bob Feller, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia and Herb Score) of the '50s. Never once did McNally, Cuellar or Palmer miss a starting turn and together they pitched 54 complete games, 16 more than any other whole pitching staff in the league. Remarkably, Palmer was the only one of the three who finished the regular season with an earned run average under 3.00, and Cuellar was way up there at 3.48. However, as Eddie Brinkman of the Senators puts it, "These guys give up two to four runs a game but when you play them you know you're not going to bust it open."

What makes a stopper—a consistent low-run complete-game pitcher? "One thing," says Dave Leonhard, a well-spoken Johns Hopkins graduate and a well-

his member of this year's less-than-overpowering Baltimore relief corps, "is having horse manure in your bullpen." There were many times when Manager Earl Weaver would have pulled his starter short of a complete game, except that there was no one he could bring in who would make him feel as easy as even a tiring member of the Big Three.

Tom Phoebus, a long reliever and spot starter for the Orioles this year, offers a more classical assessment of what makes the McCuellar triad so solid: "They are mature pitchers . . . know their own capabilities . . . are firm-willed . . . have that confidence . . . have that, uh, consistency."

A few minutes later Phoebus returns with an afterthought: "One more thing I forgot. Burning desire."

None of the three, though, gives a particularly burning impression off the mound. They look like any Cuban guy, any Irish guy and any Southern California guy (Palmer was born in New York but grew up in Los Angeles, and

continued

his father Max was an established Hollywood character actor). "McNally is your typical pitcher," says Leonhard, meaning that McNally mixes up a well-controlled fastball, curve and slider the way the model pitcher is supposed to. "Palmer is your two-pitch power pitcher—curve and fastball. Cuellar is tricky—screwball, throws it all different speeds. There's nothing so unusual about any of them, really."

There is nothing so unusual about a starter for the Orioles finishing and winning a lot of games, either. To go along with firm will and burning desire, there is nothing quite like a heap of hitting and fielding behind you. The Orioles were shut out only four times all year when a Big Three pitcher started. Their fielders, next to Cleveland's, gave up the fewest unearned runs in the league and prevented an untold number of runs that would have been earned.

But to say that the Orioles' Big Three were in an ideal position to win 68 games is no more of a deduction than to say that Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins had the moon made all the way. And when Leonhard says his three teammates are not so unusual, he does not mean to deny that they are consummate. They have done what pitchers are supposed to do. If everyone did his job as well, the world would be a better place and the American League playoffs would have gone on forever.

Observers agree that the three have at least six important things in common:

- 1) Each works very hard both during his starts and between them. That means he does a lot of running, thinking, throwing and counseling with Oriole fielders when he is not pitching.
- 2) Each challenges the hitter. He keeps throwing the pitch he wants to throw no matter how likely it seems that the hitter will foul it off or take it or belt it if it is not thrown just right.
- 3) Each has excellent control.
- 4) Each is, as they say, a tough competitor, full of, as they say, desire.
- 5) Each is a good enough hitter—ask the Twins—to keep from being pulled too often for a pinch hitter, and each fields well.
- 6) Each knew a period of misery that almost ended his career.

Allie Reynolds, the former stopper for the Cleveland Indians and New York Yankees, once observed that he did not become a pitcher until he had arm trou-

ble. "After you hurt yourself," agrees Baltimore Pitching Coach George Bamberger, "you think a bit more. You turn out to be a better pitcher for it."

Cuellar knocked around in the minors for nine years before sticking with Houston in 1966. He won 12 games that year and 16 the next. Then, as Astros' General Manager Spec Richardson says, "We told Mike not to pitch winter ball. We felt he was overworking himself. Maybe he was a little mad at us. Anyway he showed up the next spring and said his arm hurt. I think maybe some of it was in his head."

Cuellar's version is somewhat different. He is, he insists, a man who likes to go down to a Spanish-speaking country in the off season and pitch. Considering the extent of his English and the fact that he was born in Cuba and makes his home in Puerto Rico, it may be that he thinks of United States baseball as his off season. At any rate, when he tried to pitch for Houston in 1968 after an idle winter he was way off. "For a while," he says, "I think I never pitch again. I couldn't throw the ball."

He was 8-11 for Houston that year. In December of '68 he was traded to Baltimore for Curt Blefary, and after a winter of pitching in Puerto Rico he won 23 for the Orioles and shared the Cy Young Award with Denny McLain.

Palmer was another person whose arm troubles were felt by some to be located in his head. It turned out that they were located in his leg. They began in 1967 and lasted through the '68 season, during which he pitched only 37 innings, all in the minors.

"If my arm hurts in Baltimore it's going to hurt in Rochester," Palmer was heard to grumble at one point. He had won 15 games for the Orioles in 1966 and became the youngest pitcher ever to throw a World Series shutout when he stopped the Dodgers 6-0. He felt nobody quite believed him about his sore arm. He was vindicated last year when his problem was diagnosed: his left leg is shorter than his right, causing arm and back strain. Last year, with one shoe padded, he was 16-4, and this year, with any luck, he would have won as many games as his two left-handed friends.

McNally's troubles also cropped up in 1967. In June of that year it was concluded that he had been nursing a sore arm since spring without realizing it. A calcium deposit was found in his elbow.

The fluid on the elbow was drained off and cortisone was injected. Still, although he was throwing hard again and had reacquired his slider, which he had mysteriously lost somewhere in the vicinity of Elmhurst, N.Y. six years before, he was hardly a Gibson or Seaver. All he could do was win. He won 17 straight from September of '68 to the following July, and during this period was rescued from defeat so often by his teammates as to win the nickname McLucky. Now he has become a truly savvy pitcher—and the Orioles still hit.

The Big Three, in a few words, are sound, smart and able. In a time of less than universal displays of solid workmanship across the land, it may be worthwhile to consider their attributes.

CUELLAR. He has superstitions. No one can throw him his glove or the ball. He must pick up each from the ground himself. Before starting each inning he circles the mound and walks up the front of it with his back to the hitter. During the game no one but his regular catcher can warm him up. Even if the catcher is busy putting on his gear between innings, Cuellar will wait. During his pregame warmups no one but Coach Jim Frey can catch him, and for the whole 15-minute warmup period Catcher Elrod Hendricks—and no one else—must stand there in a batting stance.

Cuellar is known among his teammates as "Crazy Horse." He has a slow screwball, a medium screwball and a fast screwball. In a recent game he threw 55 fastballs (41 for strikes), 34 screwballs (20 strikes) and seven curves (four strikes). Hendricks, who is from St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, says that when he and Cuellar talk they speak "40% Spanish, 30% English, 20% pig Latin and 10% jokes. But to tell the truth," he says, "I usually don't get much accomplished when I go out to the mound to talk to Mike."

Usually Cuellar is a quiet, collected and brisk workman on the mound, but sometimes he loses his temper. The first five batters to face him a few weeks ago hit safely and one of the hits was a grand slam home run. He got into several arguments with the umpire during the bombardment and finally took himself out of the game because he was so upset. His wife Emma says that on the night before he pitches, "We'll be sitting there watching television and suddenly his muscles will jump out and his arm will shoot out."

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MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

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McNALLY "Pitching," he says, "is just a matter of not giving up and not giving in." The only exception to this rule is when Frank Howard is up. Howard, McNally confides, "has more than a great deal of confidence when he's against me, and I have less than a little confidence against him. I'd rather walk him and get it over with."

The Angels' Jim Fregosa says: "The question came up the other day, 'Who would you like to have as your pitcher if you had to win one game for everything?' I'd pick McNally." McNally seems always to be pitching out of trouble. Reliever Pete Richert calls him "Super Tarp," because "he takes just enough time to make you think you have him hooked, just like a tarpon, but he'll spit that hook out every time."

PALMER. He tests his reflexes in a game with his roommate, Leonhard. Leonhard throws two baseballs at once and Palmer catches both, one in each hand. "I once caught two 20 times in a row," he says. "And I can catch three at once, too. I'd like to try four, but Dave can't throw four at once."

When he was still looking for his 20th victory and McNally and Cuellar had 23 each, Palmer said, "I think I've pitched as well as Cuellar and McNally. That's what concerns me right now—people around the country think of me as the other starter with the Orioles. Look, I've said you've got to be lucky when you pitch—lucky, lucky—and I haven't been." He also said, "Look at this. My face is broken out in a rash and I know it isn't the strawberries I ate. It must be this trying to win 20. I'm too old for pimples."

When Sonny Siebert of the Red Sox made him hit the dirt with a close pitch early this year, Palmer said, "He's crazy to throw at me because I throw harder than he does."

That, then, is the Orioles' Big Three. Weaver figures that in any Series he has a 50% chance of winning the first game with any one of the three going against the other club's ace. And then "no one can match our guys in the second and third game."

Finally, Weaver faces right up to the question. "If you went into the last game of the season with each of your Big Three needing one win for 20, whom would you pitch?" he is asked.

"Phocbus," Weaver replies.

END

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RACING'S MOST FRIGHTENING CORNERS

by JACKIE STEWART with GWILYM S. BROWN

A famous world driving champion discusses the classic curves where men face both the ultimate danger and the supreme excitement of their sport. He also tells how he did his best to win last Sunday's U.S. Grand Prix for a dead man—and why such men should not have to die

The United States Grand Prix at Watkins Glen offers the largest prize in the world of road racing, \$250,000—but last Sunday I wanted to win it for one very special reason beyond the prize money involved. A victory by any driver other than Jacky Ickx of Belgium would mean that my close friend Jochen Rindt, who was killed during practice prior to the Italian Grand Prix early last month, would posthumously win the World Champion Racing Driver title for 1970. This is the premier award in automobile racing, and Jochen fully deserved it by virtue of his five Grand Prix victories this year. By winning at Watkins Glen and then again at the Mexican Grand Prix, Ickx could have surpassed Jochen's total of 45 championship points by a single point. I, for one, would have hated to go to Mexico with that on my mind. Now, no thanks to me, I won't have to.

What happened to me at Watkins Glen is typical of so much in auto racing—excitement, high hopes and then, in a single moment, routine failure. After qualifying second at the Glen behind Ickx and his Ferrari, I felt reasonably optimistic about the job I had to do. Winning was going to be difficult on a course that contains only five or six corners, but the car designed by my team

owner and manager, Ken Tyrrell, seemed to have settled into good health. Starter Tex Hopkins, wearing his black-colored suit, leaped into the air to do his acrobatic American-style start, and at the end of the first lap I had a lead of two seconds over the field. Ickx, Pedro Rodriguez of Mexico and others were scrapping for second place. Although I eased off a bit, my lead three-quarters of the way through the race was 56 seconds. Suddenly, in my rearview mirror I noticed a banner of defeat: blue smoke. The oil pressure fell to zero. After cooing the car through five more laps, I dropped out on the 83rd.

Ickx was not much luckier. A broken fuel line delayed him sufficiently so that the best he could do was finish fourth behind the winner, Brazilian rookie Emerson Fittipaldi in a Lotus. For me, the fact that Rindt, though no longer alive, had clinched the title beyond dispute meant that justice had been done. Watkins Glen had been a good race, a safe race, a happy race. Although there were few really demanding corners, the winner had driven expertly.

But on this sport today, one obviously must be an expert, more expert than ever before. And smoother. And smarter. The arms-and-ellbows caveman

style of handling a car has vanished from racing. Today's cars are thoroughbreds, sensitive, nervous pieces of very precise engineering. These finely tuned machines have pushed the limits of speed dramatically upward, and when raced at these limits they are very difficult for their drivers to control. Road racing has become a sophisticated art in which the driver must work with his car in an extremely close relationship. With the development of wide tires, delicate suspensions, lighter construction and airfoils, the cars present severe handling problems at very high speeds. The razor's edge has become sharper than ever.

Corners have always been the heart of road racing, and this is more acutely true today than ever before. It is in the corners that the skill of the driver and the quality of his car are under the greatest pressure, that the rewards for success and the penalties for failure are the highest. Considering corners that must be taken at speeds considered impossible only a few years ago requires natural driving talent, sensitivity, feel and, above all, mental discipline. But to handle a corner properly at the limit is one of the finest of human sensations, one of the ultimate experiences we can have. It brings us right to the edge of life.

Here are the corners I consider the most interesting at racing, the ones that provide the ultimate test for car and driver.

BARNEVILLE Spa, Belgium

The Spa-Francorchamps track in Belgium's Ardennes Forest is perhaps the most dangerous road circuit in the world. First, it is just an ordinary road used by every manner of truck and automobile, and thus is covered with grime. Second, it contains eight corners that we take in fifth gear at speeds of 165 to 180 mph. One of the toughest is Barneville, a bend to the right located at the end of a long, downhill straight three miles after the start-finish line. As much as any corner in the world, it tests a driver's ability to handle his car sensitively. Cascanen tactics just slow up a car and sometimes put it completely out of control. In Barneville you should not brake at all and also should not shave the apex on the right too closely. You are going so fast that you must leave some safety margin to both the left and the right. Another thing that makes a smooth passage through the turn difficult is the bumpy nature of the road. About two-thirds of the way through, you whip past a group of farm buildings and a café, very close on the right, then more

farm buildings and a farmyard close to the road at the left. In the farmyard I have often noticed an old farmer leaning on his pitchfork, surrounded by friends and family, all worthies out to see the young rascals having their yearly fling. We are like so many fuel-laden ballistic missiles flying by, but they seem utterly unperturbed. If they had any idea how quickly a car might fly off the road and into the farmyard, they would be gone in a big hurry.

MASTA KINK

Spain

Any writer who has ever been up on his tiptoes, leaning forward, off-balance and hurrying down a narrow aisle carrying a tray filled with hot coffee has had a rough idea of what it is like to drive a race car through the Masta Kink. This is a quick left and right S bend which you go through at such high speed, and with so little control, that you feel as if you are not much more than a helpless passenger in the car. In a Formula 1 race you are doing about 190 going into the Kink, which consists of a left turn around a high earth embankment, then a right turn around a steel safety fence and then out toward a tall red brick farmhouse and lumber yard on the left. To get through this stretch in the fastest possible time you must firmly conquer your instincts to even squeeze gently on the brake pedal. You enter the Kink from the extreme right side of the road and cut across the left-hand corner. This sets the car on a straight line toward the opposite side, where the road bends back to the right. You must take this right-hand corner so fine that your wheels almost brush the Arco barrier there. It is in doing this and then straightening out the car that the final twinge of terror occurs. You are heading straight for the big brick house, and going so fast that you think this time you'll never miss it. But the car suddenly comes around just as it reaches the extreme left edge of the road and the house goes zinging by. I swear, no more than a yard away. You come out of the Masta Kink feeling as if you had climbed Everest.

THE CHICANE

Monte Carlo, Monaco

The most difficult and challenging of all the many twists and turns in the course at Monte Carlo, mainly because it is one of the few that can and must be taken at high speed, is the left-right flick of a corner called the Chicane. It is also the turn that typifies the colorful character of the place and the race, and one that has propelled many of the world's finest drivers into disaster. The immediate approach to the Chicane has a ghostly sort of fascination. The cars hurtle through a long, extremely dark tunnel. On the right as we pop out into the bright sunlight again is a sheer cliff, while below us to the left is the bright blue harbor filled with beautiful yachts. The Chicane itself is shaped by a thick wooden fence that bisects the middle of the road. In the fence is a wide gate through which we must take a quick left-hand turn at a speed of around 110. You get a sudden, brilliant glimpse of the harbor as you come through this gate, but the look best be a fast one for you must immediately take a quick right to stay on course and out of the harbor. I always finish the Chicane with the feeling that next time around I'd better take it just a wee bit slower.

TURN ONE

Watkins Glen

The track at Watkins Glen is a straightforward, rather uninteresting circuit that has a tendency to produce very close lap times, which is rare in Formula 1 racing. For this reason the first corner at the Glen has become one of the most crucial in road racing. What I refer to is actually three turns, beginning just past the start-finish line, which must be taken almost as one, a long, uphill, right-left-right S that leads into the main straightaway. The toughest section is the left bend that sits just over the crest of a hill. From our low-slung cockpits the bend is not visible from any distance, and we have to set up our cars about 100 yards ahead of time to hit an apex we can't see. We clip the bend on the extreme left, actually getting the wheels up on the

curbing, then exit through the final right bend about in the right center of the road. The feeling we try to create coming through such a complicated S series is one of smoothness and good adhesion. It is a graceful swoop and swoop and swoop that takes us through the exit at full power and ready for a wild rush down the long straight.

THE KARUSSEL

Nürburgring, Germany

Every time I drive here I can't help thinking that it is a freak track and that every corner is a freak corner. The Ring is an enclosed car and maedam circuit 14.17 miles long located in Germany's Eifel Mountains and designed to resemble the roads in that area. It is a twisting, up-hill-and-down-dale course that contains the amazing total of 176 corners, and to win a race there you have to get round at an average speed of over 100mph.

To me, all of the problems encountered at the Ring are wrapped in the Karussell. This is a left-hand turn that is 150 yards through a bowl-shaped semicircle which tilts at about 30 degrees. They may call it a carousel, but it is more like a motorcycle wall of death. Golfers speak—usually with annoyance—of blind holes on which they must hit to a green they can't see. Well, the Karussell is a blind corner. You approach

up a steep grade at about 140 mph. From the very low driving position in the present Formula 1 car, you cannot see the corner until you are in it. But standing out by itself in the forest beyond the track is a tall fir tree. You need a lot of faith, but as you come charging up the hill toward the corner you simply aim at the tree. Then suddenly the road seems to fall away under the car. You shift into second and hold on to the steering wheel like mad, as you try to keep the car well down in the turn. As the car drops into the bowl it squashes down under great pressure, hitting the very limit of its suspension. When you exit out the other side the suspension rebounds like a coiled spring. If the car comes out too high you will, at best, skid and lose precious seconds; at worst, you fly off the track and into the woods on the far sides. Race drivers hold few corners in higher esteem. During the few seconds we spend inside the Karussell we experience something like a real high.

ADRENAL DESCENT

Nürburgring

The real guts of the Nürburgring course comes in the last three-quarters of a mile of the descent down to the bridge at Adenau. Each time around, when I enter this part of the circuit, I begin to think of all the things

continued



Scotland's Stewart and the crucial first turn at Watkins Glen

I would rather do with my life than drive race cars. It is so terrifying, it takes so much determination, so much dependence on the car, so much plain courage. It is also true that when I'm really having a go with someone in a race on the Nürburgring, I consider this corner the very best place to make up time—even though I am just hanging on and clenching my teeth. The plunge starts with a left-hand turn around a bordering hedge that is taken in fourth gear at about 145 mph. Actually, you don't just go around the hedge, you almost go through it. The best way to take this turn—and set up the three right-hand turns that immediately follow—is to stick the left front-wheel straight into the bottom of the hedge, thus grooving out a portion of it. This is somewhat risky because on the other side of the hedge is a long fall into the valley below. And that is just the beginning, for you clip corners and hedges at top speed the rest of the way down, eventually coming to a left-hand corner over a bump where the car flies a full two feet off the surface of the road. To prepare for this corner you have to line the car up a good 100 yards early and be sure the line is correct. The car leaps across the apex of the corner before touching down on the left side of the track. Two relatively easy lefts follow. These bring driver and car over the Adenau bridge at the bottom, and start them back up the climb toward more nightmares.

CURVA GRANDE Monza, Italy

The Grand Prix circuit at Monza is the fastest in the world except for Spa in Belgium, and the two have totally different characters. Spa is hilly and has many tough corners. Monza is flat and has very few testing corners. What we go in for over Monza's long, straight stretches is slipstreaming, the art of letting the car in front suck you along like a vacuum cleaner. It is because of this slipstreaming that the Curva Grande plays a dominant role at Monza. The curve is a sweeping right-hander located at the end of the long

straightaway that contains the start-finish line. The groove through the corner is very narrow, has little camber and yields little margin for error on either side. Yet we tear through it at 175 mph. The favorite passing spot at Monza is in the straightaway leading to the Curva Grande, but if the passing has been left too late and has not been accomplished by the time the cars get to the turn, something of a mess can result. The other characteristic of the turn is that in the middle of it, due to a change in the airflow, the vacuum effect created by a car moving along directly in front of another can disappear. Suddenly there is a rush of wind that creates violent turbulence and upsets the trailing car's balance in a totally unpredictable manner. When this happens to you in the middle of the Curva Grande you can be in trouble. And so are the cars slipstreaming behind you.

MULSANNE Le Mans, France

A good number of race courses have turns just like the ones you find on a city street. Le Mans has one, a 90-degree right-hander called the Mulsanne Corner that comes directly at the end of a flat-out, 3½-mile straight. To get through this tight bend without shooting down the escape road or piling into a bank of sand that guards the left-hand edge of the exit means getting the car down from a speed of over 200 to about 40 within about 400 yards. The challenge is to put a car through this kind of mechanical torture smoothly enough, 16 times each hour, to have it survive for the full 24 hours. The corner is so tight it must be taken in first gear. The path through it is quite conventional, meaning you come in from the left, clip the apex on the extreme right and then clip the left edge of the road while exiting. The braking should be done early and the brakes fed gently. The smoothest way through is also the easiest so far as the brakes, suspension and transmission are concerned. A driver will often tell himself, "I could have braked later that time," but he

had best forget it. If you brake too late you must also brake too hard and you can lose control. Many a driver has ended his race at Le Mans on the first lap by going into the sandbank on the left at Mulsanne. He then spends the next five hours or so trying to dig his car out. It is one of motor racing's most acutely embarrassing experiences.

WOODCOTE Silverstone, England

This corner has always been an unusually undulating, bumpy and dramatic one, and over the years it has produced some gigantic slides and elbow-waving acrobatics. There have been occasions, in fact, when a driver on the last lap has finished his race in reverse. Last year I had a good old-fashioned Woodcote spin myself, whirling about several times before hitting a barrier.

The corner is a long right-hand bend that comes past the start-finish line and leads by the pits. A Formula 1 race car goes through it in fourth or fifth gear, traveling about 140 mph. It is especially tricky to handle because the car must be maneuvered through a series of bumps and undulations. If you stray from the correct line, your car lets you know about it in no uncertain terms. It begins to misbehave, wallow about and have tantrums like a spoiled child. The line through the corner is narrow, and not the one you would necessarily take if the surface were flat. You must move or less by two apexes. You clip the marker cones on the right as you enter, drift out toward the middle of the track, come back to the right once more, and then drift out again to the left and exit—finally—in the middle of the track.

TURN ONE Indianapolis

You come into Turn One at Indianapolis out of an enormous tunnel of people packed into the grandstands on each side of the front straightaway. You then must apply yourself to a long, bumpy, fast corner that leaves little margin for error. The proper groove is narrow; because of the dust and grit that collects, driving outside the groove is like driving on ballbearings. Thanks to some good luck, I learned how to handle Turn One during qualifying trials in my first Indy year, 1966. Late in a day in which I had been, I thought, driving at my absolute limit in a desperate effort to qualify, a car pulled out of the pits in front of me and seemed to be going quite slowly. I thought, "Lift-off, this guy is going to hold me up." It turned out to be Parnelli Jones, and far from holding me up, he taught me how to drive the corner. I had been going very deep into it before hitting the brakes. The front end of my car would go down, the rear up, and it was a wrestling match all the way through. Parnelli, on the other hand, eased his brakes on a good 50 yards earlier than I had been doing. This slowed him going in but his car stayed level, and coming out he was putting on the power 100 yards earlier than I could. So I just followed him around, doing what he did. My lap speeds immediately jumped from 158 to 161 mph. At Indy that is considerable improvement.

The paintings on the following pages offer a vivid look at some of the corners that have been discussed. I then conclude with some emphatic recommendations for making cornering safer than it is today—and all of racing, too.

TURN ONE, Indianapolis

PAINTINGS BY BOB PEAK



CURVA GRANDE, Monza





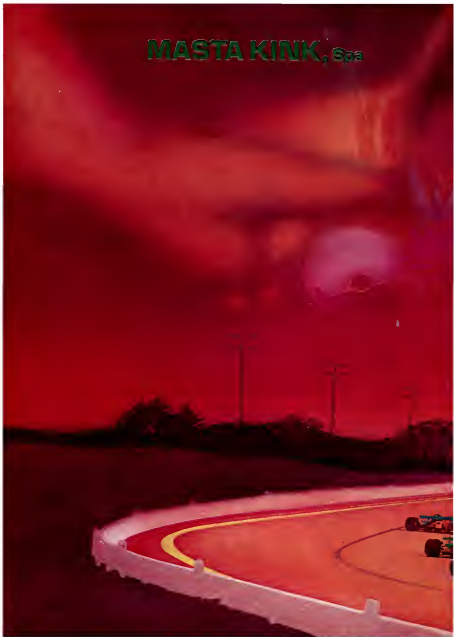
BASTOS



BURNEVILLE, Spa



MASTA KINK, Spa







'WE DRIVERS SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DIE'

The motor racing year of 1970 is not yet over, but already it has proved to be one of the most tragic in the history of the sport. In Europe alone some two dozen drivers have been killed. This total includes three of the world's top Grand Prix drivers: Jochen Rindt of Austria, who had virtually clinched this year's world driver's championship at the time of his death, Bruce McLaren of New Zealand, a great driver as well as brilliant designer of cars, and Piers Courage of England, who was just on the verge of establishing himself in the front rank of Grand Prix racing.

Perhaps more people die falling off mountains than sitting in racing cars, and perhaps many people think that dangerous accidents are a built-in hazard of motor sports. True. And true again. But the terrible thing is that motor racing has the money and the facilities to drastically reduce the number of deaths—both to drivers and spectators. And yet nothing is done.

When an accident occurs in motor racing it is almost always the result of one of two things: driver error or mechanical failure. Obviously, human error can never be completely tailored out of a sport as demanding as modern race-driving. Mechanical failure can be reduced, but this is an extremely difficult thing to do. Even the strongest part sometimes break when stretched to the limit of its endurance under the stress of today's cornering speeds, and very few constructors have been able to press such parts to their limit in any sort of test rig prior to testing them in the car itself. In Grand

Prix construction, much has been developed that makes the race car itself safer to driver: rubber fuel tanks, blowout-proof tires, the monocoque chassis, special safety equipment for the driver to wear, and more. But nothing can eliminate accidents entirely. What is needed are firm steps to make sure that accidents are not always disasters when they do occur. Everyone in every profession has made mistakes. Why should a driver have to run the risk of paying for his with his life?

There are three areas to consider where safety is concerned. What will the car hit, if anything, when an accident occurs? What fire-fighting equipment is available in the likely chance that the car catches fire? What kind of medical attention will be available to injured drivers or injured spectators?

At present the answers to these questions are discouraging. Except for the size of the trees bordering them, most racetracks, particularly in Europe, have changed little since the 1920s and '30s. They have not kept pace with the rest of what has become a finely engineered, highly sophisticated sport. This is an impossible situation.

The first thing that must be constructed, on all corners, are safety barriers that a car can hit without demolishing both the machine and the man. Trees, needless to say, are not good safety barriers. The best device in some cases would be nets that could catch a car in much the same way a tennis net stops a tennis ball. These catch nets are normally used in rows of three. I've seen a driver go into them at

130 mph. He wiped out the first two barriers, but the third stopped him. The driver was unhurt, the car was repairable and the spectators around the track were not endangered.

Even with such an efficient system of safety fences, all accidents are not going to conclude so happily. It is at this point that an adequate warning and alarm system should be available to insure that one accident does not become a series of accidents. In countries like Britain and America, where auto racing is a weekly occurrence, the old-fashioned system of using marshals to wave flags still works well. In many countries, however, it is a total failure. Marshals get swayed, drop their flags and run to the accident. Or worse, they freeze.

What is needed is a system of warning lights located well ahead of each corner that can be activated by someone merely pushing a button. Each set of signals could easily contain all the colored lights necessary. Yellow, to indicate that an accident has occurred up ahead, white, to show that an ambulance or a service vehicle is out on the track; blue, to let a slow driver know that a faster car behind him is trying to pass.

These are basic methods of prevention. A few cures are needed as well. Strategically placed fire-fighting and rescue equipment is vital. Even with the fiber glass suits drivers now wear, you can stay in a burning car no more than 45 seconds and still live. But this might be just enough time for a well-equipped fire marshal in a special rescue suit to wade through the flames and cut a driver out if he is trapped or pull him out if he is unconscious. Fire engines with their motors running at all times should be located within sight of every corner, so that one is able to get quickly to the scene and quench the flames. The latest in flame deterrents must be used.

Perhaps the saddest situation of all exists in the area of medical attention. What we need,

first of all, is a mobile intensive-care unit that is fully equipped and staffed by an anesthetist and a surgeon capable of dealing with burns, head injuries and internal injuries. What we often get is a general practitioner located in a tent that contains a cot and a pot of hot coffee. That kind of arrangement is an insult to racing and to the medical profession. Barely equipped to cope with a spectator who has fainted, how can it serve a driver who has hurtled off the road in his car at 150 mph, or someone who has been in his path? We also need medical personnel spotted around the track who can give emergency first aid, an ambulance to get the injured quickly to the mobile intensive-care unit and a helicopter to transfer patients to the nearest major hospital.

Whenever I mention these needs, most people assume such services must already exist in a sport as potentially dangerous as motor racing. They think that, all these things—safety barriers, warning lights, fire-fighting equipment, first-aid medical facilities—would naturally be available in such a professional, commercial and heavily capitalized sport. And they are always surprised when I explain that in most cases these safety features are not at all available. The people who should be responsible for modernizing the safety facilities in racing are the people who run it: the track promoters, the automobile clubs, the governing bodies, the constructors and the drivers themselves. Safety has been neglected partly because the organizers have been bad businessmen. Or have been blind. Or have been irresponsible. The drivers are eager to help, and if they cannot get what they need by request, they may have to get it by demand. I can think of a long list of drivers who would still be racing today if proper safety facilities had existed. I hope we do not have to experience any more tragedies before racing starts thinking about safety.

END

THE KARUSSEL, Nürburgring



OLIVER STARTED AT LINEBACKER FOR OAKLAND LAST SEASON

WOW, LIKE LET'S REALLY TRY TO WIN

This is how Chip Oliver exhorted his fellow Raiders. No one listened. Now a hippie, Oliver cares more about the "aesthetic soul" **by BLAINE NEWMAN**

Bearded, his hair falling nearly to his shoulders, Ralph (Chip) Oliver sat on a mattress on the floor of his bedroom, an airy porch of a large Victorian house in Larkspur, Calif., that is the headquarters of a commune known as the One World Family of the Messiah's World Crusade.

Fifty miles away the Oakland Raiders, for whom Oliver played linebacker until he kissed the straight world goodbye, were preparing for their game with the San Diego Chargers. But to Oliver, sipping a glass of freshly made carrot juice as he opened his mail, the team, the sport, the way of life seemed immensely distant.

"This isn't typical," he said, holding up a letter. "For the most part my mail is beautiful. People tell me it's good to see somebody quit such a material profession as football and get in the service of other people." The letter in hand was from San Leandro, a middle-class Oakland suburb. It read in full, "You weren't worth it anyway. The Raiders will be better off without you."

More likely the other way around. Oliver started against Kansas City in the 1969 AFL championship game, and Al Davis, the Raiders' managing general partner, called him "one of the very finest young prospects in football," Oliver

hardly returned the compliment. Last May he told Davis and Head Coach John Madden: "It's a silly game you're playing." He also said he was quitting.

"I've thought about going back only because people have asked me," Oliver said last week. "If I were left on my own I'd never even have given it a second thought. Hell, a year ago I was miserable. Today life is a joy."

It would be convenient to class Oliver with Linebacker Dave Meggyesy and Guard Rick Sorenson of the St. Louis Cardinals who also quit football this year, but they're political heads. Oliver is strictly a classical hippie. "We're putting on a demonstration here," he explained. "We're showing people a new way of life. We're showing that as soon as you start loving and relating to people you'll find these people loving and relating to you."

Oliver, obviously, is a celebrity in the Family, and of late he has spent less time grilling macroburgers in the Mustard Seed, the commune's organic-food restaurant in Mill Valley, Calif., and more time promoting the Family. "I want to keep people aware of me," he says, "because I have a lot of things to say. I'm a channel to help bring about a new age."

The Crusade, a sect dedicated to trans-

forming the world to true communism—in which people voluntarily give up their worldly goods and hold all things in common—has made a more pleasant person of Chip Oliver. Gone is the bitter, contemptuous attitude he carried through the 1969 season. (Gone, too, is a lot of excess weight. A vegetarian diet, periodic fasting and yoga have hardened his body at 180 pounds, 50 less than he carried as a linebacker.)

"Even my mother says she likes me much better this way," Oliver said. "So does my father [a retired Army sergeant], but he's afraid to admit it. He doesn't like me associating with 'Communists.'" Oliver can't say as much for his former teammates nor they for him. "Like I tried to talk to them about this," he said, "about the importance of getting in a higher state of consciousness, but like I got blank stares. It was 46 to 1."

He got no further with Al Davis. "Al told me what I was doing wasn't right for me," Oliver recalled, "when what he meant was it wasn't right for him. He also gave me that bit about how I could 'use my salary for the Crusade. But the Crusade doesn't need my money. It needs my energy. I can take my energy away from football, from hurting people and causing more conflict. Football dehumanizes people. They've taken

the players and made them into slabs of beef that charge around and hit each other. But where is their esthetic soul, the feeling they can accomplish high things?"

Oliver didn't quit in the middle of the season, although he left practice one day to meditate. In fact, he played better after becoming a vegetarian, winning a starting berth with five games to go. "I'm no quitter," he said. "I was going through mental agony, but I had an obligation to fulfill. So like the Raiders had me on a two-year contract, and it was up in 1969. That option didn't mean anything to me. It was just as much my option as theirs."

Chip Oliver's liberation is costing him at least \$25,000 a year. He made \$50,000 in his two seasons of pro ball, counting salary, bonus and playoff money. "I guess you could say I'm giving up a lot," he said, "but money doesn't mean anything to me. Believe me, it's irrelevant. I don't need it."

Oliver hasn't given up work, just making money. "Hell, \$10,000 of that \$50,000 went down the drain in Vietnam then Cambodia," he said. "That's another reason I quit. The only way not to pay taxes is not to make money."

The financial basis for the One World Family is its organic-food restaurants, the original Mustard Seed in Mill Valley and a newer branch in Berkeley. Oliver and the other 75 members of the Family share the work in the Seed chain, a nonprofit organization. The money they make is pooled for food, clothing, shelter, recreation and transportation.

"Material things just hold you back," Oliver said. "They need upkeep. Give me a couple of pairs of Levi's and a good pair of boots. That's all I need."

It was time for Oliver to go to work. He stood behind the counter in the Seed, molding a patty for a macroburger (made from soybeans and grain). "I miss playing football," he said, "the actual football part of it. Ever since I was a kid that's all I wanted to do. But I'd look up at the people in the stadium and realize I wasn't helping them. I wasn't helping anybody. All we're doing in professional football is entertaining these people, and they don't need to be entertained. They need to do their own creative thing. Deep down each of them wants to do what we're doing. But they think they can't. That's my message. They can, if they only will."

Oliver got the message in the Army. In basic training, between his first and second seasons, "some heavy books came into my hands. I wrote down a lot of things in the Army, and like those things I wrote down were in those books." When he got out of the Army he went to live in a cabin on the wooded slopes of Mount Tamalpais in Marin County, north of San Francisco. One day early last season he checked out a bookstore in Mill Valley. The bookstore was near the Seed.

"I walked in there," he recalled, "and saw this girl behind the counter. She was pregnant . . . and like she was really beautiful. I could see the love shining from her eyes. I knew I was home." From then on, after practice he would

drive the 45 miles home from Oakland to the Seed.

"I remember the first time he came in the house," says a young, frizzy-haired girl who claims a good deal of credit for Oliver's conversion. "Wow, I thought, a football player who's a vegetarian. He rode up to the house on his bike. He was rugged, something else."

Oliver spent more and more time at both the restaurant and the commune, but he didn't give up on his teammates. Trying to bridge a widening gap, he invited them to a party in his cabin. But he made one mistake. He revealed the refreshments beforehand: fresh fruit juices and organic foods. "I should have just put it on unannounced," he said, "because I think some of them would

continued



IN HIS QUARTERS AT THE COMMUNE, OLIVER HOISTS A JUG OF PURE GRAPE JUICE

have come, and they really *should have* loved it."

No one came. So Oliver took a different tack. He wore Levi's to practice and on the plane to away games. As the season progressed his hair lengthened, and he parted it down the middle. He wore rimless glasses.

"I try to do things naturally," Oliver said, "including dress. Football players are hung up on style. They think hell-bottom pants make a man. There was no way they could relate to me in Levi's."

Life with the Raiders became particularly dreary for Oliver during trips East. His roommate, Wide Receiver Rod Stearns, who, like Oliver, had played at USC, was the only one who tried to grasp what was going on in his head. "Rod kind of listened to me," Oliver said. "More than most, I guess. But he really didn't understand, either." The trips East turned into one long walk after another. In East Orange, N.J., where the Raiders stayed before playing the Jets in New York, Oliver futile-

ly searched for a natural-food store.

"I was a complete vegetarian by the end of the season," he said. "I can't tell you how much stronger I felt. And more vital. I didn't need anywhere near as much sleep, didn't eat as much. I honestly believe I could work for two days straight without sleep."

Oliver's behavior on the eve of a game was nonconformist, to say the least. On Saturday he would eat a fruit salad and a few vegetables, and he wouldn't take a bite of solid food after 4 p.m. The body was being tuned, he said, it wasn't forced to expend energy to digest meat, butter, eggs—the hardest foods for the system to synthesize into energy.

"I'd wake up the day of the game feeling really refreshed and hungry," Oliver said. "Over at breakfast those guys would be wolfing down steaks, not even chewing them. It was *terrible*!"

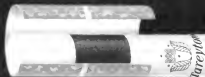
While his teammates were at breakfast, Oliver was drinking a quart of fresh grape juice in his room. He was ridding his body of excess weight, he explained. "I'd

get to the stadium about an hour earlier and really clean myself inside and out. Then, when I'd hit the field, I was lightweight, about 200 pounds. I wouldn't get tired. I was feeling stronger in the fourth quarter than in the first. I improved my range and my quickness and my strength."

Before a game Oliver would race around the field spasmodically falling to the ground for yoga exercises. "The other guys would come walking out on the field belching," he said. "You could smell heel odor coming out of their mouths. Their eyes would be glazed. And I'd be out there with my body all tuned, just vibrating, just wanting to go."

Oliver abhors the way football players abuse their bodies. The doctrine of the One World Family dictates a high state of consciousness without drugs, alcohol and cigarettes. "I used to occasionally take a benne like the other guys," he said. "Hell, all the teams do. A lot of players wouldn't think of playing a game without taking a couple of

Tareyton Charcoal



bennies. Bennies are the worst thing you can do, man. You don't get the energy naturally, you get it from a pill. That's the problem with pro football. The veterans get to thinking they have it made, that they don't have to put themselves through pain to get strength. They don't realize pain is strength and pleasure is weakness. The older they get the weaker they get. They get carried away with alcohol and bennies instead of pulling it out of their own guts."

Oliver's body hunches at the shoulders and arms with tight, sinewy muscles. As a boy he got hold of a book of Michelangelo sculptures and from it the idea of the classic body. "I always knew what I was going to look like," he said. "I think everybody ought to get that feeling. Playing football, I was up to 230 pounds. Man, like I was unsightly!"

Oliver has always had a penchant for hard work. The oldest in a family of eight children, he describes himself as "action people." He left home with "a dime in my pocket," worked in Las Ve-

gas at a Coca-Cola plant and at 19 married a show girl. Eight months later he was divorced and playing football at San Diego City College, which he attended before going to USC.

Even now in the quiet of the commune he races about. He is the project chairman and the driving force behind the restaurant in Berkeley. "He's really got things together over there," says one girl. "We call Chip our enusary to the straight world."

In part, the lack of boundless giving of energy in pro football served to disenchant him with the sport. He wanted it to be like college ball at USC. It wasn't. "This really blows some minds, but it's true," Oliver said. "I swear to God, it's true. Guys are holding back from each other in pro football. They're not hitting with everything they've got, even in a game. And the reason they're not doing it is the game isn't as tough as the game we played in college."

"Really, it was harder to play on my college team than it was to play on the

Oakland Raiders. These college teams are driven by madmen. I was driven by what would be considered a madman, Mark Goux (an assistant at USC). But I had it in my mind all along that I wanted to work hard, and the beautiful thing was that he made everybody work hard."

Oliver received the final disenchanting blow—a forearm in the middle of the back—during a practice session. It was defensive day, and the team was working on goal-line stands. From the outside linebacker position Oliver holted through and knocked down Cotton Davidson, the veteran quarterback who was on the taxi squad. The two had words, and Davidson threw the ball at Oliver from short range. Oliver grabbed him. At that moment a 280-pound lineman blindsided Oliver with a forearm in the back.

"I wanted to fight him right there," Oliver said, "but I knew the only way to make people understand is to love them. We've got to stop this circle of negating people right here."

"Hell, I know you don't want to hit

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OLIVER *continued*

the quarterbacks, I just brushed by him at the last second and didn't hit him hard. Then I got blind-sided. It really put me out of pro football to realize this is the kind of people I was dealing with. And that kids idolize these cats.

"I asked myself: What's wrong with you guys? Listen, we could win the championship game, the games. We've got the best players. It's just a matter of you guys getting out there working instead of walking around every night after you get off practice shoving alcoholic drinks in your face and sucking down all this meat and butter. I didn't go to these people and rap all this stuff on them. I tried to go to them in a nice way and say, 'Wow, like let's try to really get it on and win the championship.' I wanted to win." For his efforts the linebacker got a new nickname. No longer was he Chip, but Loose Ware.

It is perhaps ironic that Oliver blames himself for losing the playoff game to Kansas City, the last game he ever played. Oakland was leading 7-0 in the second quarter and had the Chiefs pinned deep in their own territory. Oliver crashed through and chased Len Dawson back to the three. But, on the verge of a 16-yard loss, Dawson got away, threw a first-down pass to Otis Taylor and the Chiefs went on to score. Oliver believes this play gave the Chiefs the impetus for victory.

As it was, Oliver, like his fellow Raiders, got \$6,250 for the playoff game, while the Chiefs eventually made \$22,750 apiece. It was, at this point, a financial blow to the One World Family.

When Oliver moved into the commune in January he paid his "rent" with a \$5,000 check. Money was needed for a new family house in Berkeley, near the restaurant. The house—in another era occupied by the Acorn fraternity—was opened courtesy of Chip Oliver and the Oakland Raiders.

Today Oliver has reduced his worldly goods to an old pair of football shoes, some worn-out clothes, a blanket inscribed ELKS CLUB BOWL, 1964 and an Instamatic camera. But he is holding money in reserve in case he decides to open a small organic-food store and juice bar in his home town of San Diego. Chip Oliver wants to take a longer look at the One World Family. As he has told its members, "I believe I have the vision, but you're going to have to show me you have it."

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Sandy Sport Fan of the New Season Is

Donald Haas of Chicago was on his way to the Bears-Eagles game when a seven-car football special crashed into the elevated train he was riding. Fifty people were injured, but Haas brushed aside medical aid to get to the game, where he stuck it out till halftime. At that point "I couldn't stand the pain anymore," he admits, and he left for the nearest hospital. The Bears were ahead, 17-9, but there was no sweet smell of success for Haas, mainly because his nose was broken.

One quick tour through the new Paris Auto Show and France's President Georges Pompidou proved he can be just as outspoken as his predecessor, dropping these one-liners along the way: On Mercedes-Benz—too expensive. On big American cars—you could lodge a whole company of French state police in one. On small cars—amazing, they don't look like much but they always seem to pass you going very fast. On the average French motorist—a bad driver. Then Pompidou volunteered to try out a flashy new sports car at its top speed of 135 mph, but not near his home where "I wouldn't be able to open her up."

• He is 65 now, a bit more jowly than in the days when he was winning 56 of his 71 pro bouts. But in the 32 years since he lost the heavyweight title in 1938 he has won enormous affection in Germany. He is a household word—his name even appears in German encyclopedias and in a recent poll 90% of those surveyed associated him with things "laid, decent and successful." So there was beetle-browed Max Schmeling last week, receiving the Grand Cross of the Federal Order of Merit from West Ger-

many's Minister of the Interior and then relaxing over an unsuccessful glass of champagne. "I never rest," he said. In fact, next month he hopes to visit in the U.S. with his good friend, the man who finally beat him for the title, Joe Louis.

Not So Silent Night Department

Come November you can get a special recording of *Angie Bell's* song by the NFL team of your choice. "We recorded every team and—believe me—we found no talent," says Mike Tattich, who produced the 26 tapes, which will be called *Holiday Halftime Albums*. Each team sings a medley of musical gems, and each album will highlight *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth*, sung by *Martin Olsen* of the Rams, *Vince Provenzo* of the Redskins and other dental cases. The recording sessions were risky business. *Lou Michaels* also soloed handsomely on the tooth song, but four days later was out from the Colts. The star of the show turned out to be *Travis Williams*, the Green Bay running back. "Every time he opened his mouth, a choirboy came out," says Tattich. He admits all these guys aren't exactly the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but claims the result is better than everybody thinks.



And why not? The arrangements were done by Jacques Urbani, of *Albano: Invisibile*.

♦ In Armentières, a pair of skin divers suned up and flip-flapped solemnly into the pool so the strains of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* to be married 10 feet down by a skin-diving priest. The wedding party released a lot of air bubbles to celebrate *Marie-Claude Requin's* giving up her maiden name to become *Mme. Just Marty*, as well as a bunch of skin divers might. Her maiden name means shark.

Meanwhile, back in Nevada, world high-diving champion *Ross Collins* wed fiancée *Barbara Better*, but not underwater. Please. None of this nonsense. Collins preferred the quiet dignity of a ceremony at the Circus-Circus Casino in Las Vegas—performed seconds after he had dived 64 feet into an eight-foot sponge.

And the final splashy news item comes from England, where Trades Union Congress boss *Vic Feather* agreed to inaugurate a convalescent-home swimming pool by taking the first dip. But he wouldn't go in until they assured him that 1) the pool was a comfortable 72 and 2) that they had just poured a bottle of gin into it.

Last week *David Frost* interviewed *Edward Bennett Williams*, *Frost*: "That [ownership of the Redskins] must be a terrific relaxation for you. Is it?" *Williams*: "Actually it isn't. It really isn't." *Frost*: "Isn't it?" *Williams*: "No, I really haven't enjoyed watching football since I became associated with the Redskins. I really don't enjoy watching the game. I really don't... It's a form of masochism for me to go," *Frost*:



♦ "Really?" Hard man to convince, that Frost.

Nevee II

Word is back now that Academy of Applied Sciences researchers really have found evidence of something big and scary on the bottom of Loch Ness. They spotted it on radar. *Nevee* the monster, if it is *Nevee*, didn't fall for that routine about peering sex essences into the water (SI, Oct. 5). Sex essences, indeed. As one local man observed, "Nevee's past."

Where are the beauty queens of yesterday? Well, how about *Peggy Collier*, Miss Greene County, Arkansas of 1959. Married a man named *Pig*. Went into hog raising. Now tours the nation representing the Arkansas pork industry. President of the women's auxiliary of the Arkansas Pork Producers Association—they're called the *Porkettes*—and holder of the state women's hog-judging title. Wears a *Peggy Pig* wristwatch. Has a strapping pigskin wardrobe. Ruses for the Arkansas Razorbacks. Shall we go on?

Academic approach to the spectacular

The Air Force Academy has twice been obliged to de-emphasize its team, but its array of quick, smart players like Ernie Jennings (right) wins anyway



Here we go, folks, Air Force on Colorado State's 44 and keep an eye on Ernie Jennings, the fabulous flanker who is now lining up as a, uh, slotback. There goes a bomb. Boffo, touchdown, Jennings' eighth of the year. O.K., now Air Force is on State's three and watch Jennings, the super slotback who is now, well, playing split end. He's over by the flag and so is half of State's defense. No he isn't; he's in the middle all by himself playing pitch and catch with Quarterback Bob Parker. Touchdown. There's magic in those moves. Let's watch it on the replay. Air Force on State's seven. Seven? Oh, back to live action. So where's the fabulous flanker-super slotback-sensational split end? There he is playing tailback, right there in the middle of Ben Martin's winking I offense, and which shell hides the pea? Jennings on a pitch off the option. Touchdown.

And so it went last Saturday as unbeaten Air Force rolled to its fourth victory, 37-22, and Jennings romped toward All-America honors as a, well, something, or maybe as four somethings. Or even five; if they gave the Hersman Trophy to decoys, it would be no contest. Jennings can't take a drink without four defenders rushing over to look into the bucket.

"Jennings has got more moves just walking up to the line of scrimmage than most flankers have period," grumbled Dan Devine of Missouri two weeks ago after Air Force and its all-purpose man crushed the then-unbeaten Tigers. When the moves are made with 9.6 speed, they really hurt. At least, it was 9.6 in high school when Jennings weighed 185 pounds. Now the 6-foot senior cadet is four years older and 20 pounds lighter, and if that hasn't knocked a few ticks off the stopwatch nothing ever will. "I haven't been timed since I came to the Academy," he says. "But I feel a lot faster at this weight. They melted 20 pounds off me my first summer as a cadet, and I never put them back. And I don't want to. At this weight I don't have to block. The coach won't let me."

But no matter, 9.6 or 9.3 or somewhere in between, defenses are not worrying about timing Jennings. They only want to catch him, and usually that means watching him with two men, sometimes three, which pleases Coach Ben Martin as he reaches for his playbook.

What a playbook. When Martin became head coach at the Academy in 1958, he knew his troops were never going to outmuscle anyone. This year, for example, his entire offense averages

barely 200 pounds. At Notre Dame a defensive tackle's thighs weigh that much. But the cadets have other things going for them. Usually they are quick, and always they are smart. They can't get past the South Gate unless they can handle Physics 563, which puts a studious eye on the postulation basis of quantum mechanics and takes a look at the development of the perturbation theory and variational techniques, with, of course, an introduction to the Heisenberg theory. So far, two Rhodes scholars have come out of the Academy's football ranks, and the present team has people like Quarterback Bob Parker (3.36 average in engineering mechanics) and Jennings (3.25 in civil engineering).

"We teach the intelligent athlete, so we can teach the mental aspects of the game quickly," says Martin, who graduated sixth in his class at the Naval Academy in 1945. This year the cadets have 10 formations right and 10 left, with 20 running plays and 20 passing plays off each.

"That seems like a lot," Martin says. "But it's really simple. It must be, I understand it. Besides, you can win championships with half a dozen plays and two formations—if you've got the weapons. This year we've got the weapons."

Good weapons. There's Jennings. And

continued

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Parker, the 5'11", 175-pound senior quarterback who commands Martin's shell game. Last Saturday he completed 27 of 39 for 375 yards and two touchdowns. In four games he's completed 73 of 130 for 1,235 yards and 80 touchdowns, which isn't bad for a nearsighted guy who won't wear glasses when he plays. "I can't see the sideline markers," he says, "or the scoreboard."

But he can see Paul Bassa, a 6'4" tight end, and Mike Bolen, a 6'1" split end, who between them have caught 36 passes for 493 yards. He also manages to hound off to Brian Bream, a tailback who missed Air Force's opening victory over Idaho but who has been running well ever since. Bream carried the ball 53 times in the last two games and averaged just under five yards a try. He picks 202 pounds on a 5'9" frame, and is known as The Muscle.

If the Air Force offense is tricky, the defense is even more so. Since the defensive players are too small to overpower opponents, they have to bounce about confusing them. Against such a defense, Colorado State managed to get 22 points, but little else. One State score came on a 30-yard pass after the clock had been stopped with one second to play and another on an 88-yard kickoff return by Jack Green. "We squib the ball on kickoffs to prevent returns," said Martin after the game. "And then the guy gets the ball on a perfect hop on the dead run. He looked like a 440-relay runner taking a hand-off." Martin laughed. After 12 years at the Academy, nothing seems likely to rock his patience or his humor.

Nothing should. In 1958, Martin inherited 41 players, 18 of them freshmen moving up. The year before, the Falcons had gone 3-6-1. The team was dispirited and disorganized. "Oh, oh," said Martin, "let's go back to the basics—and let's have fun." Air Force did, and somehow ended unbeaten, tying low on route and ending with a scoreless tie against TCU in the Cotton Bowl.

Then some military types stepped in. "It's a football factory," they said. Martin was ordered to cut back on recruiting, which was like taking something from not much. At the same time, the Academy's athletic director plunged on with his scheduling, lining up such breathers as UCLA, Missouri, SMU, Stanford, Washington and Nebraska. By 1963 Air Force had recovered enough to

be 7-3 but then got shelled 35-0 by North Carolina in the Gasol Bowl. Martin came home and asked for a new contract. He still had 18 months on his old one. The brass said no. Martin said, "I quit." There was a consultation and Martin got his contract, plus a promise of more civilian assistants and the chance to try and get more qualified athletes into the Academy. (As at West Point, the cadet body at the Air Force Academy was being increased from 2,700 to 4,400, matching the Naval Academy's size.) That storm had hardly settled when a cheating scandal broke in January of 1965. Two cadets stole examination papers and sold them to others. Before it was over, 109 cadets had resigned, 29 of them varsity football players. And Martin was ordered to demagogue again.

Since then there have been many changes in the command at the Academy. For one, Brigadier General Rohm Olds became the commandant of cadets. Olds was an All-America tackle at West Point in 1942. Army's other All-America tackle that year was Frank Merritt, now the Air Force Academy's athletic director. These days Martin's football program gets no more than it deserves, but it certainly gets no less. Football and basketball pay their own way at the Academy. What is spent must come from gate receipts and from donations—the \$3.5-million, 40,000-seat Falcon Stadium was built entirely from donations. There are lots of Congressmen watching to see that things stay that way.

"The reason we are a better football team is because at last we are getting the better athlete," said Jim Bowman, the assistant athletic director for candidate counseling. "When we began recruiting, a high school coach would say he had a boy not good enough as an athlete for Michigan or Stanford, but good enough for us. And service-minded kids wanted to go to Army or Navy. Now, because of the times, the space age, we are getting our full share."

"It's the Now generation," says Martin. "And we are the Now Academy. We offer 28 majors, and students can go as fast as their learning ability allows. Our students can complete some of their graduate work before they get their bachelor's degree. And a lot of the students who come here now are fine athletes."

"Are they different from the type of athlete Navy had when you played?" Martin was asked. Martin laughed, per-

haps thinking of the tough All-Americans that Navy had recruited for its crushing wartime teams. "They're a different breed. We have a democratic football program here. It's a soft sell. I have my input, and the players have their input. Against Missouri, we were leading 30-0 with a fourth-and-goal on the one. I wanted to go for a field goal. The players said they wanted to go for a touchdown. I abstained. When I was a player at Navy we never would have done that. We might have mentioned it in the huddle, but we never would have said anything to the coaches."

Plenty of people are hearing from the Air Force this year.

THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

WEST

1. USC (3-0-1)
2. UCLA (3-1)
3. STANFORD (3-1)

Poor Jim Plunkett. Just as he and the Stanford Indians seemed assured of a grand season, they were stopped by impoverished Purdue. Plunkett had a most uncomfortable afternoon. Five of his passes were intercepted and he was tackled behind the line of scrimmage five times. In addition, he fumbled once and for the entire first quarter was unable to connect a first down. The Purdue defense, which had allowed Notre Dame 48 points the week before, conceded the Indians only 14, while the Boilermaker offense scored 26. "Their defense was odd. We hadn't expected a three-man rush," said a Stanford assistant coach. Head Coach John Ralston was more inclusive: "We got whopped in every way from beginning to end. We underestimated them. We were flat. It is my responsibility."

Saturday was more pleasant for Jimmy Jones, the USC quarterback who, it has been said, cannot throw a spiral. In a performance that he described as "my most accurate passing game," the Southern Cal junior went 15 for 21, including three touchdowns, while playing only three quarters against Oregon State. Missing on Jones after USC's 45-13 win, Trojan Coach John McKay said, "Let's see, that makes 11, 12,

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

13, 14, ah, 15 outstanding games he's played for us."

Arizona State, removing any doubt that it has one of the top teams, whipped Wyoming 52-3. Staid Lloyd Eaton, coach of the losers: "They've got everything—a strong defense and an explosive offense. They get the ball and do something with it."

The Aztecs of San Diego State extended their nonlosing streak to 26 games with an easy 31-11 day against Brigham Young.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (2-0)
2. NEBRASKA (3-0-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (3-0)

"I feel almost silly saying Ohio State is a great team," said Duke Coach Tom Harp in Columbus Saturday. "But it is. They're No. 1 and they'll stay there. And as far as I'm concerned, they belong there." With that, Harp and his Blue Devils flew rather happily back to North Carolina and Atlantic Coast competition. They had by no means been disgraced. At the end of the first half Ohio State led by only 6-3 and might easily have been behind by plenty. Duke had lost a fumble within two yards of the goal line. And with just 33 seconds left in the half Duke had punted while leading 3-0. Ohio State Tackle Ralph Holloway blocked the ball and batted it to end Ken Lintner who ran 45 yards for the Buckeyes' score. Lintner, incidentally, seems to have found his niche. Last year he was a reserve fullback. Last week, his first on defense, he recovered three fumbles.

The Ohio State offense woke up in the second half, scoring the first three times it had the ball, and won handily, 34-10. Quarterback Rex Kern, the North's answer to Archie Manning, ran four times for 97 yards and a touchdown. Ohio State Tailback Leo Hayden, whose half brother, an end on the Wichita State team, was killed when his team's plane crashed on Friday, felt he should play nevertheless and contributed his best effort, 165 yards in 36 carries.

Texas A&M played the Big Ten co-champions on consecutive Saturdays, thereby becoming a barometer for the Ohio State-Michigan game at the end of the season. Having been defeated 26-13 by Ohio State, the Aggies fared better against Michigan. They were leading with three minutes left to play when Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler returned Quarterback Don Moorhead to the game with orders to sweep left end. Too late. Bo changed his mind, deciding upon an inside run instead. As the bench frantically waved for his attention, Moorhead took the snap and went around end seven

yards for a touchdown and the victory, 14-10. So much for coaching genius.

Wisconsin gave Coach John Jardine his first victory and Penn State its second straight defeat, 29-16. In 1953 Penn State went to Madison and suffered a 20-0 trampling by Alan (The Horse) Ameche. This time Badger fans hoped Alan (A-Train) Thompson would emulate The Horse. The Wisconsin defense swept up four Lion fumbles and two interceptions, and the offense had something even better than A-Train. Films had revealed a weakness in Penn State's deep secondary, and Quarterback Neil Graff hit with scoring passes of 68 and 52 yards.

Lynn Dickey was out the previous week with bruised ribs when Kansas State lost to Arizona State. Last Saturday there was less purple in the bruises and a bit more in Kansas State's pride as Dickey led the Wildcats to a 21-0 victory over highly favored Colorado. "That's the kind of a team I've always known we had," said Coach Vince Gibson. "Boy, did we need that son-of-a-gun at quarterback!" That son-of-a-gun rifled passes for 171 yards behind a line that saved him and his sore ribs from dumpings. Dickey's spongy rib pads proved to be an unnecessary precaution.

Notre Dame rolled over Michigan State 29-0 for its second straight shutout and first win at East Lansing in 21 years. Nebraska's 35-10 win over Minnesota gave the Huskers their ninth victory in a row over a Big Ten team and reminded the Gophers that they have not beaten anybody in the Big Eight since 1960.

Toledo ran its winning streak to 15 with a 42-7 victory over Ohio U., but the high score of the week was achieved by Wittenberg. The Tigers took their 14th straight, 76-7, over Otterbein.

EAST

1. WEST VIRGINIA (4-0)
2. BOSTON COLLEGE (3-0)
3. PENN STATE (1-2)

For years the Pittsburgh Panthers have been unable to generate enthusiasm in their home city. They last provided the steel town with a winner in 1963. In 1966 Pitt hired a new coach, Dave Hart, who was expected to bring the Panthers back from their worst season on record. They had lost seven games, won three and given up 311 points. Among other things, Hart weighed his team underwater. The idea was to determine what portion of each body was excess fat and what was necessary muscle. What portion could block and tackle may have been neglected; the Panthers experienced a 1-9 season.

continued

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son. In 1967 Hart announced that his team was "improved by 100%." The result was another 1-9 year. Even the team mascot, a real live panther, proved to be a loser. Insurance companies refused to accept the risk of its escaping, and it was put in a zoo. After his third 1-9 season, Hart quit. His replacement, Carl DePasqua, brought Pitt back to 4-6. This season the long years of black comedy seem to have ended. To be sure, Pitt lost its opener to UCLA, but the score was a respectable 24-15. Next the Panthers defeated Baylor. Last Saturday they outscored Kent State 27-6 even though four starters were injured. Nice to have you back, Pitt, over water or under.

Boston College followers are beginning to refer to Eagle games as "Willis Week-ends." Against VMI, Fred Willis, BC's half-back, gained 146 yards on just 15 carries and scored three touchdowns as the Eagles scored over the Keydets, 56-3. Willis has gained a total of 408 yards in three games and is one of the nation's leading scorers with eight touchdowns. "He's as fine a back as you'll find in the country," says BC Coach Joe Valicak. "He breaks tackles, he blocks and today he made a couple of tackles under punts. What more could you ask?"

Columbia came from behind and fell just two points short (24-22) of becoming the first Lion eleven to defeat the Princeton Tigers in a quarter of a century. Dartmouth, best of the Ivys, smashed Holy Cross 50-14.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. ARKANSAS (3-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (3-1)

Lunching on steak four hours before his Texas Longhorns were to meet UCLA, Orrell Royal considered the possibilities. "We've had a variety of defenses thrown at us," he said, "and we've tried to anticipate them all. I was wondering what we might have missed, so I got to thinking that UCLA might try to send their end after our wide man in the triple option on every play. It would be a bold move, and I wondered what it would do to us." Royal discussed the question with his assistants but decided not to bother Eddie Phillips, the Longhorns' new quarterback. It was too late to go back to the blackboard. By late in the afternoon the Bruins had successfully shadowed both Phillips and his wide man with a bearish brand of man-for-man defense and held the Texans to one touchdown and two long field goals.

Meanwhile, Quarterback Dennis Dummitt of UCLA had passed for 340 yards and a pair of touchdowns on 19 completions,

and the surprising Bruins were ahead 17-13 with 20 seconds left. The Longhorns' 23-game winning streak, the longest in college football, not to mention the defense of their national championship, depended on a third-and-19 play with the ball on the UCLA 45-yard line. All-America receiver Cotton Speyrer ran downfield and cut to his left past two defenders. Phillips threw. Speyrer caught the ball at the 25 and raced into the end zone. "You don't have to apologize for beating a fine team like UCLA, no matter how you beat them," Royal said later. "Sure, luck is involved—but you have to be in a position for luck to happen. Luck doesn't go around looking for a stumblebum."

Early last week it appeared that Bill Burnett's shoulder separation would keep the most-traveled halfback in Arkansas history on the sideline against TCU. But when game time arrived Burnett said, "I can't see missing a game when I can stand the pain." Therapeutic he scored four touchdowns as the Razorbacks routed the Frogs 49-14, the widest margin in their 50-year series. The Arkansas defense held Steve Judy, TCU's sprint-out quarterback, to minus seven yards rushing. "I've got another year to try," said Judy, "but it seems like that's what I say every year."

Rice Coach Bo Hagan is nothing if not optimistic. After his Owls were beaten 28-0 by LSU two weeks ago, Hagan said his defense had jelled. "It's hard for people to believe a coach when he says something like that," Hagan admitted. But as of Saturday Hagan could afford to look optimistic, for Rice shut out California 28-0.

Texas Tech was slicker against Santa Barbara after its frantic loss to Texas the previous week. The Red Raiders cided in 63-21.

SOUTH

1. MISSISSIPPI (3-0)
2. AUBURN (3-0)
3. GEORGIA TECH (4-0)

Army ventured into Knoxville, Tenn. to try its Southern strategy, but it was an ill-conceived campaign. Tennessee scored 28 points during the first half, and in the final quarter the reserves added three more touchdowns. The margin of defeat, 48-3, was Army's second all-time worst, but the day could have been even more embarrassing. Only a missed extra point prevented the Cadets from yielding the highest enemy score in the Academy's 80-year football history.

North Carolina, playing its first game on a synthetic surface, came from behind in the fourth quarter to defeat Vanderbilt 10-

7 and remain unbeaten. Reserve Quarterback John Swofford, the younger brother of pop singer Oliver, threw a 16-yard scoring pass to Wingback Lewis Jolley to tie the game, and later drove the Tar Heels to the Commodores' two-yard line, where Ken Craven kicked the winning field goal. Farther it was rumored that Morganna, the kiss-and-tell stripper, planned to buss Oon McCauley, Carolina's star runner. Morganna did not show, but McCauley had enough to blash about as he managed just 73 yards, far below his average, and at one point fumbled on the Vanderbilt six.

Georgia Tech, also undefeated, had a crowd of 51,000 in Atlanta's Grant Field wondering what happened to the Yellow Jackets' string. Tech was tied 7-7 with not-so-strong Clemson when, late in the fourth quarter, Larry Studdard, brother of Mississippi's Vernon, raced 43 yards to score on an end-around play. Next, Halfback Brent Cunningham traveled 69 yards for another TD. A pass by Eddie McAshan just before the gun ended the scoring at 28-7.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Senior Wingback Henry Hawthorne gained 129 yards in nine carries and caught four passes for 96 yards, one providing the winning touchdown as Kansas State defeated Penn State's streak-ender, Colorado, 21-20.

THE LINEBACKER: Defensive End Charlie Weaver, a freshman of Southern Cal's 1969 Wild Bunch, picked up where the Bunch left off, making seven tackles and personally dumping the Oregon State quarterback three times in SC's 45-13 win.

"An 8-and-3 record wouldn't be too bad, and might even get us into a bowl game," said John Ray, and those were cheerful words from a coach who had just watched his Kentucky Wildcats lose their third game of the year. The winner was Auburn, the score 35-15. "If we ever get to the point where we can stop the bomb, we'll start winning," said Ray. For a while the Wildcats were doing just fine. They led the Tigers 15-9 in the third quarter, and the homecoming crowd in Stoll Field began to anticipate a season to celebrate. Then Wallace Clark, Auburn's fullback, returned a kickoff 84 yards for a touchdown, the Tigers tore on and the fans went home to cold biscuits and analgesic pills.

Two Louisiana State quarterbacks, Buddy Lee and Bert Jones, combined to shatter three school passing records and the Baylor Bears, too, 31-10. Mississippi State surprised Georgia 7-6 in the first game of a double header in Jackson, Miss. Ole Miss went manhandling in the second (page 14) **AND**

Serve, backhand, volley and caviar mousse

Everybody who visits John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch has a ball—a few thousand of them, in fact. The game is played from morning to night, but the routine is broken by a man with a super service, Chef Linzie

After leaving Monterey you turn off a main highway onto a narrow road that slopes down between trees and emerges into the clearing. John Ford must have used for those early films with Wayne and Fonda. This is what Real California is supposed to look like, a land of soft mountains and deep canyons. Be there for dinner on Sunday night, you were told, but it is only late afternoon, and the buildings—the few you can see—are quiet among the trees. Finally, behind a door marked office, you find a lady with a smile who gives you a card to sign and points toward your cottage. She is Barbara, Or Barb. Or Mrs. John Gardiner, of John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch. Everyone here goes by his first name.

It is a couple of hours later, and we are all in our personalized blazers in the living room with just enough chintz

and prints around for a scene out of exurb Connecticut. The fire burns in the hearth, and waiters are noiselessly serving cocktails. Unheralded, out of some back room, emerges a platter of caviar mousse. This is a tennis ranch?

There must be a dozen or more of us, and we are introduced by John and Barbara, but it is like the first day at school, so we all stick close to the ones we already know. In the dining room we find a long buffet where a man in a chef's hat is carving a gorgeous barbecued lamb that no one should be gross enough to disturb.

Nonetheless, we fill our plates and choose a seat at one of the tables for six or eight. John likes everyone to mix, because, he says, "that's the way life is." The red wine is served and after the main course a salad and then a soufflé with chocolate sauce and whipped cream. More a fastening ranch than a tennis ranch, you decide, except that John is at the end of one table talking about his days on the tour with Jack Kramer and Pancho Gonzales and the time they were down in Miami when Bobby Riggs, by then plump and 40, kept dragging Kramer into one kind of game after another and losing to him—first tennis, then golf, then backgammon. "He's setting me up for a kill somehow," Kramer kept complaining.

Give John Gardiner a head of long hair, a string tie and a swallowtail coat, and he could be your Senator from Mississippi. At 52, the hair is as white as a new tennis ball, and those dinners and lunches Barbara puts on every day have added to his waistline. But as he is expanding, he is also expansive, a true raconteur. He tells his stories in staccato spurts, his wit as dry as the overbaked alongside the ranch.

With the coffee, Gardiner rises to welcome us all formally and explain the ground rules. "Orange juice and the San Francisco paper will be brought to your

room at 8 in the morning," he tells us, "and breakfast will be served at 8:30 here in the dining room. We'll meet on the courts at 9:30. You are here to work. We can't remake your game, but if you do some of the things we tell you to, we expect you to improve. You may not notice it while you are here, but about three weeks from now you will suddenly discover you are playing better. Now, you are your own boss here, so you decide how much you want to play. You can come out or not, whenever you want."

"Except tomorrow morning," Barbara interjects. John nods. We regroup in the living room, someone orders a stinger, and we are starting to relax with each other. "Hey, John," cries a fellow in glasses who could be pegged as Mr. Jaded, the sophisticate. "My room is snazzy. I never dreamed it would be like this. A fireplace! And those huge bath towels. You're spoiling me."

"Might as well give the mortgage a workout," John answers. John likes to talk poor and kids about the money side of the business. It makes good counterpoint, because the one thing you are never aware of at Tennis Ranch is money. There is no such thing as a cash register, and you never see a chit for a cocktail or any of the extras, such as the things you buy in the tennis shop. (The flat fee of \$325 covers almost everything, from dinner on Sunday night through lunch on the following Friday, including sauna baths and massages in the late afternoons.) If John sees you trying to decide between this pair of shoes and that, however, he is apt to say, "Take those. The markup is better."

We are in our proper whites when we muster at court-side next morning. This week is a mixed-doubles clinic. Among us we have Fred and John, a couple of junior partners in one of those Goliaths of the Manhattan law industry. At the opposite end of the bar, so to speak, is Bob—tall, bald, athletic, a lawyer from Bakersfield, Calif. There is Bill, an ad man from Greenwich, Conn. Alex runs

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a ski resort in the Sierra, Alty is a Wall Street broker. Steve is big in a conglomerate in Chicago, while Glen actually owns one in New York and is often on the phone, presumably conglomerating. Two or three are bachelors, the rest have their wives, and there are a couple of unmarried ladies.

How did such a group ever find this tennis ranch, hidden away as it is in the Carmel Valley? It has never been advertised in its 13-year lifetime, and its biggest promotion is a four-page brochure in which prices and dates and the daily schedule are modestly confessed. Wendy, who is Bill's wife, says she heard about it from her brother. And how did her brother hear about it? From a friend, she thinks.

So now John stands before us on Monday morning, a racket in his hand, and briefs us on what is about to happen. He hopes we have all read our textbook, bound in navy blue with our name on the front and a page devoted to each of the shots—serve, backhand, etc. He introduces his staff of teachers: Mary, a pretty, blonde southpaw who won the Ojai doubles championship. Stella, black-haired with skin tanned to the color of freshly brewed coffee; Robin, young and blond and wary, who almost beat Alex Olmedo in a pro tournament the week before, and finally Jeff, young and blond and husky and John's chief of staff.

"Repetition is the law of learning," John expounds for the first of a few dozen times; we are going to hit the same shots over and over again. "It is something you would never do on your own. Tilden says it took him 12 years to master the forehand, so I guess we can work on it a few days." At last he divides us up by sex and sends us off in small groups to study under our teachers.

Tilden notwithstanding, the schedule is designed to keep us from getting bored doing one thing too long. Jeff starts us off on forehands and backhands. We line up three in a row on one side of the net, and Jeff hits balls to the man on the left while a machine slings them at the other two. Half an hour of that, and we move to a court where Robin teaches the volley. "Move the hips first, then step into the ball, then punch," he shouts at us in a twangy voice from the ranchlands of the Central Valley. "I don't want you standing there like your feet are stuck in cement. And I don't

want to see you swinging at the ball. I want you to punch it." When we move on to Stella, she emphasizes footwork and follow-through. There is no loathing and no pampering. Sinners are scolded. We hurry from teacher to teacher. We pick up balls and put them in the basket and feed the machine and start all over again. Our middle-aged arms and legs and backs ache. In midmorning we pause for soft drinks and fresh fruit, then go back on our sore feet for more. Our bodies keep reminding us how old we are, and the California sun is cruel to skin that has paled in offices and kitchens.

The noon recess allows us half an hour to cool off in the swimming pool before lunch. Then another of a succession of meals you would never quite get used to unless you were Mrs. Onassis dining every day at La Grenouille and Lafayette. We eat on a lovely terrace alongside a pool surrounded by explosions of spring flowers. Linzie, the man in the chef's hat, knows our names by now, and he wears an executioner's smile as he watches us stuff ourselves.

By afternoon John and his staff have us graded into classes, which naturally inspires a good deal of meddling between echelons. Wendy is the best of the women, so she adorns the upper school with her long and graceful legs. Her husband is in a lower grade, but he accepts the slight until he spots one of his classmates hanging around Wendy's group. "Hey," he yells, "what are you doing over there with the varsity?"

Professor Gardiner gives us a lecture on the serve and how important it is to put spin on the ball. "It is like the brakes on a car," he says, drawing on his bottomless well of metaphors. And so by nightfall we are all old friends—crippled old friends.

At dinner we learn that Adman Bill likes all too well to make speeches with a style that is equal parts Southern filibuster and Mort Sahl. "Now take Steele," he says of a playmate from Rhode Island. "A lot of you don't appreciate Steele. But let me tell you that while all of you were sitting up there at lunch stuffing yourselves with soufflé, Steele was down on the court practicing, and he served 2,006 balls all by himself." One evening, surveying barbecued faces, Bill remarked that he would like to settle down at Tennis Ranch and operate the Solarcaine concession. From

continued

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over in the corner John growled, "The dough is in Band-Aids."

Ranch life continues in this fashion, only more so, until it is time to pack and leave after lunch on Friday. At the final dinner Thursday night, Bill calls for a few words from everyone, including Frankie Albert, the old football star, who is a neighbor of John's and likes to attend the jollier commensements. "I can tell you one thing," Albert boasts. "I've been to a lot of graduation dinners here, and this is the drinkest group I've seen."

Tennis Ranch actually began as a summer camp for children. With a lot of borrowed money and a little nestegg he had saved as a tennis pro at nearby Del Monte Lodge, John bought the old Godwin Ranch in Carmel Valley. He put in three tennis courts for starters, and converted chicken coops into dormitories that would sleep up to 70. The mothers who delivered and picked up their children at the beginning and end of each three-week term liked the place so much they demanded a session of their own, so John added 10 double rooms for adults. These first clinics were just for the ladies, but when the husbands arrived to pick up their wives they demanded equal treatment, so mixed-doubles clinics now alternate with the ladies throughout an 18-week schedule in spring and fall. The children still have the ranch to themselves in the summer. Getting a booking is difficult, but John can afford to be tough; he has youngsters come from as far away as Japan and Saudi Arabia and receives many applications a year ahead of time.

Nor is it all that easy to be accepted as an adult, for Tennis Ranch caters to celebrities. You never know whom you might suddenly find across the net. Rich and Nixon turned up for lunch once. Senators Percy and Goldwater and Postmaster General Wm. Blair Blount have Republicanized the courts, while show biz has supplied the likes of Diah Shore, Janet Leigh and John Wayne's wife. But, for sheer class, there is seldom anything to equal the annual place-lots of Texas Ladies who drop from heaven in their private jets, dripping with sporty little byoux from Neiman-Marcus.

"One thing we have proved," says John Gardiner, underplaying the whole bit, "is that people will take tennis vacations."

END

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After teeing up his ball and taking a practice swing, Bailey Root, founder-ruler of the U.S. Duffers' Association, looked toward the green, a mere 358 yards away. He set his feet and locked his powerful arms into position. An extra layer of paunch spilled out over his belt, but no matter. The better to put extra oomph into his swing. He aimed. He swung. The ball took off—momentarily. Then, characteristically, it careened off the edge of the tee, hippy-hopped to the left and, after a trip of, oh, 36 yards, came to rest near some trees. Root smiled.

That Bailey Root could smile, even ruefully, after such a drive is, in part, the secret of his success, and that of the organization he leads. To be sure, Root would have preferred a 236-yard smash—who wouldn't?—but a 36-yarder is the kind a Duffer, with a capital "D," can love. One reason is that only in the funky atmosphere of Dufferdom would such a shot be considered a possible trophy winner. In last year's first annual Duffers' Championship, Jack Engesser of Cincinnati, who is 7' 3" tall and weighs 330 pounds, hit a prize-winning shot that is still talked about wherever Duffers gather. It went 13 feet 2 inches, or not quite twice Engesser's height.

The Duffer's trophy is doubly sweet, because it is unexpected. Only the organizers of a particular Duffers' tournament know ahead of time when a prize is to be given for shortest drives. Otherwise there would be too many conscious attempts to do what all duffers (lower case "d") do unconsciously: whiff, dub, shank, top, etc. So Root and his friends secretly set aside holes where feats of inability pay off—most putts

taken, most lost balls, that sort of thing—and throw in other holes where real prowess is rewarded, just to keep his charges honest.

Honest? Well, yes, that is a point of dispute between Bailey Root and the hard liners of the golfing world who think *The Rules of Golf* are inviolate. Is it honest to turn your ball over and take advantage of a slightly higher tuft of fairway grass? Should you be allowed to substitute a shiny new ball for your "fairway" ball when you reach the green? *The Rules of Golf* say, unequivocally, no. Bailey Root says, in effect, let's think about it.

"Play golf my way and I guarantee you'll have fun," Root boasts. He is certain his way has helped the 11,600 members of his U.S. Duffers' Association to golf better and to get rid of that dread golfing psychosis, "pro syndrome." The Duffer's rest is blissful, Root contends, because he sleeps the sleep of the innocent, his transgressions washed away in the ink of *The Duffers' Code*.

That golfers bend the rules from time to time is a recognized fact of the game. What is not so generally understood is that the duffer may have a more difficult game to play than his professional counterpart. For example, take lost balls. This has become an almost extinct peril for the pros (when Jack Nicklaus lost a ball at the 8th hole at the Masters this year, it was big news), who have the services of forecaddies. Their job is to watch every shot that is hit and follow it to its final resting place, there to plant a flag to which the player can go immediately. Balls that escape the forecaddies are rare, but even these are usually spotted by spectators (who have been known to give them a kindly flip away from a tree or back to the fairway).

A Sunday duffer out on a public layout, on the other hand, not only lacks a forecaddie, he lacks any caddie at all. And if his playing partners are oblivious to his shoes—as they often are—only he sees where his ball is headed. Even if it is seen, to hunt for it in the rough or woods is usually impossible. The memory of six foursomes stacked up at the previous tee is too clear for that.

But should the golfer lose his ball, a stroke and return to the place he hit from? Root thinks this is unfair and aggravating. Thus he doesn't mind seeing

the rules bent once in a while. But cheat? Never. "We don't cheat," Root insists. "We just make it legal to do what almost everyone does anyway. Even PGA boss Joe Dey admits only 2% of golfers abide by all the rules. So why penalize weekend golfers by making them play under rules meant for pros? Most of them are caught up in this 'pro syndrome,' trying to emulate Palmer and Player and believing golf should be a struggle."

Root began his crusade for liberated golf seven years ago when he read about a player who had shot a 76 but who, if penalized for all his infractions, would have had a 174. His 98 penalty strokes would have been levied for such violations as replacing his ball on the green with a new one, carrying too many clubs, improving his lie in the fairway and pulling weeds away from his ball in the rough—the kind of things weekend golfers do all the time. So Root rewrote the rules, and now Duffers are not punished for such sins.

Under USDA rules, a Duffer who shanks his drive out of bounds can take another at a penalty of one stroke rather than two, as called for by conventional strictures. A Duffer can also improve his lie as much as six inches, can smooth out spike prints on the green and can clean or replace his ball at any time. He can whiff without counting it. If he hits in water, he can drop on the far side of the hazard at a cost of only one stroke. "That way he won't keep teeing up and hitting ball after ball into the water at \$1.50 a ball," explains Root. "What he's been doing is losing the baby's milk money."

"We wouldn't countenance the injustice done Roberto de Viazno when he signed an incorrect scorecard and missed tying Bob Goalby for first place in the '68 Masters," continues Root. "We would just have handed him an eraser."

Some purists have nicknamed the USDA chief the Root of All Evil, but he is serene in his righteousness. One fact that helps him live with himself is the enrollment of his young organization. Already, the USDA has more members than the PGA (6,646), the LPGA (1100) or the USGA, whose enrollment consists of 3,819 golf courses, not people. There are USDA members almost everywhere—Saudi Arabia, Laos, Thailand, England, France, and if Root is regarded as a sporting malevolence by

some, he hears no ill will. For instance, he sees a continuing function for the two empires of traditional golfing wisdom, the USGA and the PGA. "They both serve their purpose," he says rather grandly. "Ours is to at long last give the weekend golfer a chance to play under rules meant for him."

Officially, a Duffer is "any person playing the game who desires to be called a Duffer" and who joins the association. On the membership rolls are Jackie Gleason, Perry Como and Bing Crosby. Duffers, too, are Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, though Root regards them as "honorary." The truth may be, however, that both Arnie and Jack long to escape pressure golf and begin to play again for fun.

Root, a real-estate agent, estimates he has spent \$15,000 on his organization, and has recently decided to devote his full time to the Duffers. He hopes to transform it from a nonprofit group into a profitable one. From USDA headquarters in his home town of Newport, Ky., Root has embarked on a membership drive: \$3 for a lifetime card—and several grandiose plans. Root foresees a string of Duffers Taverns and Duffers Dens, the former being restaurants with golf motifs, the latter being driving ranges, "where the average guy would get decent balls and clubs and instant TV replay of his swing."

Above all, Root wants to improve USDA tournaments, expanding the present dozen or so events and renewing his Duffers World Open. Last year's national championship at Newport had 95 entrants. This year there were only 45 contestants at Spring Valley, N.Y. Henceforth, the national will be in Newport, which Root hopes to convert someday into a kind of Cooperstown for shankers.

Root himself has a 15 handicap and willingly tells of the time he blew an eight-stroke lead on the final hole of a match. Another time, he tossed his driver and four-iron into a tree and had to climb up to get them. Now, however, Root exhibits his two real, if esoteric, talents in golf: he can stack four golf balls on top of each other, and he knows how to make the game fun for himself and for others.

Many duffers approach golf as if it were spelled backward, but thanks to Bailey Root, whether they golf or flop, Duffers can come up laughing. **END**



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Spotting the winners

A blistering hot September weekend melted the mettle of 11 bridge hot-shots and destroyed their hopes of being on the team that will join with the Dallas Aces to represent North America in the 1971 world championship. A series of playoffs is being held to determine this team, and the winners of the semifinals in New York last month were the local four-man team of Phil Feldesman, Bill Greve, Ira Rubin and Jeff Westheimer and the Los Angeles foursome of Lew Mathe, Don Krauss, Richard Walsh and John Swanson. The Feldesman and Mathe teams will meet in New York on Oct. 30 for the final playoff.

For two of the losers, however, all dreams for 1971 may not be lost. Since the remaining teams consist of only four players each, a third pair will have to be chosen to round out the winning squad to the required six. I don't believe that either of the finalists would gratefully embrace a pair from the other. Also, there is already some muttering in European circles over the fact that both North American teams might be made up of all U.S. players. Therefore, it is reasonable to speculate that the X—for extra—factor on the final team will be a pair of Canadians, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, who were among the sixsome that lost to the Mathe team in the semifinals.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

		NORTH			
		♠ A 8 6			
		♥ Q 9 5 3			
		♦ A K			
		♣ A Q 5 4			
WEST				EAST	
♠ J 5 2				♠ Q 9 7 4	
♥ A 10 6				♥ K 1	
♦ Q 8 6 4				♦ 7 3	
♣ A 5 3				♣ 10 8 7 2	
		SOUTH			
		♠ K 10 3			
		♥ J 8 7 2			
		♦ J 10 5 3			
		♣ J 6			
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST		
1 ♠	PASS	3 ♥	PASS		
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

The X factor in this deal from the semifinals was a spot card. Although sometimes dismissed as "AJAXX" in bridge diagrams, spot cards often make the difference between success and failure. Richard Walsh, who was on the spot here, had to play very well in order to avoid a big loss after Murray and Kehela, sitting North-South at the other table, had bid and made a game in no trump.

The North hand falls in the twilight zone between a one-no-trump opening (18 points maximum) and two no trump (opened with a 21- or 22-point minimum), and both North players chose to open with one club. Kehela responded with one diamond and then raised Murray's two-no-trump rebid to game. However, the Walsh-Swanson pair does not open four-card majors, so Walsh was obliged to show his major at the first opportunity. He responded one heart and Swanson leaped to four.

Walsh's big problem was a lack of entries to his hand. After winning the diamond lead in dummy he led a low heart and finessed his 8. West won with the 10 and, realizing that a spade trick was probably essential to the defense, shifted to the 2 of that suit, East's queen falling to South's king. Walsh used this opportunity to lead the jack of clubs, which was covered by the king and won with the ace. Dummy's diamond king and club queen were then cashed and a third club was ruffed in the closed hand with the deuce. The jack of diamonds, covered by West's queen, was ruffed in dummy with the 5. Now Walsh led the fourth club from dummy and ruffed it with his 7 of hearts.

West was uncomfortable, unhappy and unable to avert what was going to happen next. If he refused to overruff with the ace, South would lead his good diamond and discard dummy's spade loser while East trumped with his king. If West overruffed and led a spade, South would let the lead run to his 10. West finally decided to put South to a guess by overruffing with the ace and leading his last heart to East's king.

East had nothing left but spades, and his 9 was the crucial "X." Leading it would make South's play easy. Underleading it made South guess, but he guessed correctly and allowed the lead to go to dummy's ace-8. West had to play the jack, setting up South's 10 as the game-winning trick. **END**

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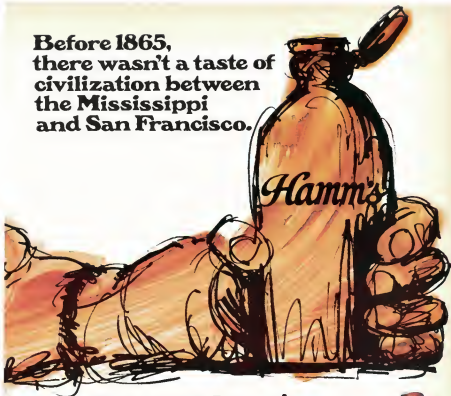
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The enigma tries a new role

Heretofore the most solitary grand master of all time, Bobby Fischer turned up in the world chess Olympics as a spirited team player

The 22-day-long world chess Olympics opened in Siegen, West Germany last month with two remarkable features to set it apart from all other chess tournaments. First, it was the biggest, with teams from 60 nations playing. Second, Robert James Fischer played on the American team. Fischer is not regarded by the rest of the chess world merely as a loner. He is the most individualistic, intransigent, uncommunicative, uncooperative, solitary, self-contained and independent chess master of all time, the loneliest chess champion in the world. He is also brilliant, and his very presence meant that America might just, for once, have a chance to beat the omnipotent Russians, who have won every chess Olympics since 1952.

Fischer, as the 360 chess masters playing at Siegen well knew, had been turning in spectacular individual performances in recent tournaments, finishing far ahead of the Russian grand masters who made up the Soviet Olympic team. If he could do as well in team play as he did alone, Russia might at last be beaten.

To the chess world, Bobby Fischer is an enigma. Now 27, he is more puzzling than he has been at any time since he burst on the scene at the age of 14 to win the American championship. Tall (6' 2"), lanky, pale, broodingly handsome and single, he is moody and unpredictable. The Siegen tournament was not his first Olympic venture. Two years ago, at Lugano, Switzerland, Fischer also headed a strong U.S. team, or at least started to. He refused to play because the organizers would not give him a room away from the spectators and photographers' flashbulbs. After that blowup, Fischer withdrew from international play. He moved from his native Brooklyn to Santa Monica, Calif., where he kept to himself, studied chess openings and worked on a book of his best games, a

volume which has already become a classic in chess literature.

Fischer's Olympic flare-up was not an isolated case. Once Prince Rainier of Monaco asked the U.S. Chess Federation to send two grand masters to Monte Carlo for a tournament, with the condition that Bobby Fischer be one of the two. Two years later His Highness sent another request for two American players, with the stipulation that neither could be Bobby Fischer. On the other hand, Fischer's defiance of chess authorities and his demands for better playing conditions have raised the professional standards of the game. He has always stuck to his guns in these disputes with chess officials, even though one cost him a chance at the world championship. Halfway through a qualifying event in Sousse, Tunisia in 1967, he walked out over a scheduling argument, though he was far in the lead and almost certain to win.

Today Fischer is able to command as much as \$5,000 for tournament appearances, and those who pay it get something special from the moment he arrives. A rock-and-roll fan, he travels with his own portable short-wave radio. Together with his chess set and the reference works he carries with him, he often has to pay more than \$100 in airline overweight luggage. When playing, he concentrates intensely on each game, oblivious to the fans who ignore the other games to watch his moves. He taps his feet restlessly to some inner frenzy, and during the five hours of action he will consume several sandwiches and as many as a dozen bottles of apple juice. These are served to him at his chessboard, three at a time.

Last April Fischer came out of retirement to play in Belgrade in a match that pitted the 10 best players from Russia against the 10 best from the rest of the world. There he scored a

continued



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sensational three points out of a possible four against the former world champion, Tigran Petrosian, winning two games and drawing two. A nontitle match with Boris Spassky, the present world champion, was then arranged, with the purse to be \$25,000, but Soviet chess authorities intervened and refused to let Spassky play. But what created even more ineptness in chess circles was Fischer's performance after his victory at Belgrade. Many of the world masters remained in Yugoslavia, and in a tournament in Zagreb, Fischer cleaned up on them, getting 13 of a possible 17 points by winning 10 games, drawing six and losing only one. From Zagreb he went to Buenos Aires, where he did even better. In 17 games against some of the world's best players, he won 13, drew four and lost none. He won both these events by a wide margin over several Russian grand masters. His play throughout was elegant, forceful and exciting, and of a quality that placed him in a class by himself. The question at

Siegen was whether he could sustain this remarkable record on behalf of the American team. If he could, it would be the high point of his career.

The world chess Olympics is always a tumultuous affair. Each team consists of four boards, with two reserve players, and these can be needed. A British chess master made a bad move, collapsed from nervous exhaustion and, on his way to the hospital, vowed to give up chess forever.

Twelve teams qualified from the six preliminary groups. The American team consisted of Fischer, Samuel Reshevsky, Pal Benko, The Rev William Lombardy, Edmar Mednis and myself. The U.S. had no trouble during the preliminary rounds, and Fischer's games remained at the consistently high level they had shown since he emerged from retirement. Nothing was heard this time about his playing in a separate room, though one concession the organizers did make was to move his table three feet from the aisle.

In the finals Fischer began with a fine victory over Miguel Najdorf as the American team defeated Argentina 3-1. Against Canada, however, the U.S. could do no better than a 2-2 tie, and Canada was to finish next to the bottom in the final standings. International chess play proceeds at the pace of 16 moves an hour, and a failure to complete 40 moves in 2½ hours means the game is forfeited. Unfortunately, Rev. Lombardy, with an equal position, overstepped the time limit.

In the fifth round the U.S. faced Bulgaria and two of the top Americans were absent. Neither Fischer nor Reshevsky plays chess on their Sabbath—sundown Friday to sundown Saturday—and officials refused to reschedule their games. But the U.S. team still posted a jolting 3½ to ½ victory over Bulgaria and was suddenly tied with Hungary for the lead with 12½ points. Surprisingly, Russia was in third place, with 12 points.

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and the game of Fischer vs. Spassky. Before the game, Spassky was so keyed up that he was visibly trembling, chain-smoking and refusing to give autographs. Fischer seemed calmer, but away from the tournament he was as embattled as ever. One day he was discovered loping through the hotel hallways in his pajamas. It turned out he was searching for the source of some music that had awakened him at noon. "I'd like to rip all those hotel radios out of the wall," he said.

Spassky had the advantage of the white men, which is roughly the equivalent of the serve in tennis. But Fischer pressed with a Gruenfeld Defense and rapidly assumed the initiative. Meanwhile, on the second board the game of Reshevsky and Petrosian was quickly drawn. On the third board I used a classical Slav Defense and had Lev Polugaevsky in trouble, but the Russian found a saving resource in a difficult rook-and-pawn ending and split the point. And on the fourth board Russia's Evfim Geller spurned a safe draw with Lombardy. The game became a comedy of errors with both sides blundering in a wild time scramble. Lombardy emerged with a winning position, but miscalculated and allowed the Russian to escape with a draw.

At the top board, Fischer decided to go all out to win. He rejected several drawing lines, but overreached himself in the process. Spassky, now nerveless, was unshaken, and on the 39th move Fischer resigned. This meant Russia had won the match $2\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$. The remaining rounds were an anticlimax. Russia inched into the lead, winding up in first place with 27½ points, followed by Hungary (26½), Yugoslavia (26), U.S. (24½), Czechoslovakia (23½), West Germany (22), Argentina (21½), Bulgaria (21½), East Germany (19), Rumania (18½), Canada (17½), Spain (16). "Our team played badly," Spassky said grimly.

Fischer, who in all had won seven games, drawn five and lost one, was undisturbed. "Spassky was lucky," he said. "Wait till next time." If anyone else had said it the remark would have gone unnoticed, but for Fischer to speak of a next time in a U.S. team match was an unprecedented commencement to the future. His presence this year was not quite enough to end Russia's dominance of the chess Olympics. But it could be most important in terms of what it means to the future of Fischer himself.

END



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A GUIDE TO ALL-STAR

by GAELE GREENE



The lady hiding behind that Coke at left is our author, a renowned restaurant critic at whose approach headwaiters would tremble—if they only knew what she looked like. But the secret of her success lies in anonymity; that way no chef can hate up the cuisine just for her. Still, a diet of all fancy food can tire a girl, so Gael set out recently to brave an uncharted area of our gastronomic civilization: the sports-oriented restaurant. Here is her candid critique, written right from the heart(hurn), on how America eats.

Like in sport: a big burger beats a small burger every time



INDIGESTION

In the grand old tradition of American capitalism, a man once trained for a career in high finance by attending Yale, Princeton and the Harvard Business School. Today he preps with the Kansas City Chiefs. As a result, aging professional athletes who once faded away into low-income oblivion now plow their foot into real estate, blue chips, employment agencies, cleaning plants and—the hottest new commodity of them all—fried chicken.

What is it about a batter-dipped thigh that lures them? Well, primarily, the chance to get rich.

Serious students of big money figure that this new sports star-cum-executive has been created by an era of elephant-

bone bonuses and soaring salaries, which in turn was created by a sports-crazy populace. Then, too, more and more professional athletes are college educated—a new breed of thinking muscle, men with one eye on the ball and the other on their stock portfolios. Actually, if I may be candid and not unkind, today's big leaguer need not be a cerebral heavyweight to hit the upper tax brackets. All he needs is scoring clout—and, ultimately, the high-priced services of a cunning and devoted financial adviser. The star racks up the points. His money coach lines up the promising financial plays.

Then one day coach tells star that fried chicken is a glamour investment.

Buy a hot plate. Frame a dozen huge action-color portraits to grace the walls. Wrap the premises in neon, vinyl, a few hundred feet of Formica and stainless steel. Throw in a couple of chickens. *Voilà!* Our hero is in business.

Understand now, the athlete-restaurateur is not a sudden, entirely new, phenomenon. There were pioneers in the game. Jack Dempsey has been feeding provincial Broadway strollers for decades. It seems like forever. Manero's is an established name in steaks, and Tony, the 1936 National Open golf champ, still plays the host at his Greenwich, Conn. outpost for carnivores. For years the late Lefty O'Doul welcomed oldtime ballplayers and tourists to his San Francisco bar at 333 Geary Street—a location he admired because it was the closest available to his lifetime batting average of .349.

Possibly the booming appetite for gastroscopic venture dates back to that historic day when some advertising wizard decided children would devour bits of soggy wheat if they were sold as the

continued

Food? Never mind, you can stare at the bar.

Girls in clings jerseys? No, 12s, naturally.



"Breakfast of Champions." The same impressionable prepubescent has now grown up, and the theory is that he absolutely will not be able to resist a stuffed shrimp, fat-fried in the name of Broadway Joe Namath.

Thus, equipped with a little bit of fame and a lot of example, athletes are rushing into the feed business. They are dealing in all sorts of more or less edible exotica, from catfish to escargots, to root-beer slush and burritos (which are Mexican hot dogs and therefore may or may not be small burros as one might imagine). Across the map, sports-world heroes are tied up in bars, pizza parlors, posh private clubs, superburger stands and carry-out kitchens. Where expertise is lacking, confidence rules. As New York Jet Gerry Philbin enthuses, "Listen, I know all about restaurants. I've been eating in them all my life."

Of course, few members of this growing lineup of athlete-restaurateurs actually get back into the kitchen to put the avocados or stuff those shrimp—al-

though former Defensive Back Brady Keys insists that he personally dipped and breaded and experimented with spices while seeking the exact formula for his All-Pro Chicken. (All-Pro Chicken, now there is a sturdy name. Can't you just see those drumsticks bulging with tasty morsels?) And San Francisco Warrior Jerry Lucas claims, "I did everything from cooking to writing the manuals" for his Beef 'N' Shakes empire.

Some athletes merely lend their names for a price. For a weekly fee, pro golfer Frank Beard hesses Kentucky Fried Chicken. That's old Colonel Sanders himself tattooed on Beard's golf bag. Visibility and contact—what politicians call pressing the flesh—is a must. Redskin Defensive End Bill Briggs pulled off his shoulder pads and got into a gold ruffled shirt and tux to greet guests at The Bridge, a rocco supper club he was involved with in Washington. Ben Davidson, the mustachioed Oakland Raider, shows up regularly at his Big Ben's Handle Bar in Hayward, Calif.

Don Drysdale can be seen chomping on a big slab of beef in his Dugout. And Maury Walls often plunks the banjo in the five-piece band at his informal Pittsburgh *bolle*, The Stolen Base.

Enterprising athletes cater to soul as well as body. For \$10 Chicago Black Hawk boosters get both dinner and a ticket to the hockey game from Stan Mikita's plush suburban inn. Ex-pro wrestler Stan Mayslack runs charter buses to the University of Minnesota football games from his Minneapolis bistro. The Washington Redskins' Marlin McKeever runs the Trojan Barrel near USC and sponsors boozy round trips to Tijuana for the bullfights. Old-fashioned melodrama, German oompah bands, even rock music, are traditional with the Red Ram chain, a sentimental favorite in ex-Packer Jerry Kramer's bulging investment portfolio. And at the Pearl Street Warehouse in Dallas there is pool and billiards and dancing, as well as food, plus the thrilling prospect that Joey

Don't call them bars d'ouevres. They're "kickoffs."



Heatherton, Co-Owner Lance Rentzel's wife, might stop by to frug.

The national franchise boom has been a key force in the feverish growth of sports-world restaurant investment. The entire country has been on a franchise binge, in fact, spending an estimated \$90 billion a year on franchises keyed to services—such essentials of survival in this age of affluence as pet grooming, computer teaching, slimming and coiffing and the instant sizzle of tenderized steak. Hundreds of athletes are into pop food—buying franchises and selling franchises.

That well-known literary figure, Kramer, is both a Red Ram restaurateur-franchiser (he owns a small share in the parent company) and a franchisee, with big stakes in Ames, Iowa and Oshkosh, Wis. saloons. Kramer, busily taping the third volume of his Green Bay Packer trilogy while jetting between Tulsa, Los Angeles and Oshkosh real-estate deals, is a sentimental investor. "I get into things I like," he confides. "like a diving operation in Louisiana, the archery

business in Wisconsin—and food. Of course it is a high-risk business. My uncle was in the bar business in Montana back in the silver-dollar days. Each night the bartender would throw the day's take at the ceiling. Whatever stuck up there belonged to the owner. There are problems in being an absentee owner. But franchising protects you."

Buying a franchise—for as little as \$12,500 down—is a fast way to become one's own boss. For the *nouveau riche* athlete with cash on his hands it offers an established stake in the future. For blacks especially, franchises have seemed like a piece of instant capitalism. But for a black franchiser, the going also can be rough. In 1965 Keys decided fried chicken was hot, and in 1967 his All-Pro Chicken started with two fryers. But bank backing was elusive. Keys quit football, got a \$250,000 Ford Foundation grant and another boost from the Small Business Administration and, finally, after frustrating rejections, First National City Bank granted him the final, crucial

loan to finance expansion. Now Keys has 16 units going, 15 more in the works, with both black and white athlete-investors: Guard John Williams of the Colts, Pirate Outfielder Willie Stargell, Roy Jefferson of the Colts, Wes Unseld of the Bullets, Kansas City Chiefs Buck Buchanan, Otis Taylor and former teammate Ernie Ladd, tennis star Arthur Ashe.

The franchise industry, like everything else in the current economy, is being subjected to a major shakedown. While Joe DeMaggio is going into franchised spaghetti and the Eddie Aereo Clubhouse chain is saddling up and taking off after the fast burger trade and Willie Naulls, onetime Boston Celtic, has started construction of Soulville, U.S.A.—to hawk ribs, beef and deep-fried fish in his own Los Angeles shopping center—other ventures are collapsing. Willie Mays has closed his Birmingham burger shop "for repairs" and Washington Redskins Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen is brooding over the untimely demise of

continued

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INDIGESTION

his Taco Huddle in Landover, Md. Jerry Lucas has filed bankruptcy and surrendered his precious chopped-meat-and-thick-shake chain. And not even the enigmatic charm of Joe Namath could stave off the sharp stock market plummet of Broadway Joe's restaurant stock. In fact, a late bulletin from Wall Street last week said that Namath was quitting as chairman and selling all his stock to an associate in the chain.

Some blame the economy.

I blame the corned beef.

Spirits were high, for example, but the eye was stale and the beef was a bland bore the day I visited Broadway Joe's on the 79th Street Causeway in Miami. As a congenial food critic (born fussy) and now a professional restaurant reviewer, I set out to assess the cuisine and ambience of America's athlete-owned mns and eateries. Fortified with a flask of Gelusil and a few six-packs of Alka-Seltzer, I traveled thousands of miles on this gastronomic pilgrimage.

At cavalier (I hope not fatal) risk to palate, spirit and corporeal tranquility, I have sniffed and sipped and tasted and rated a sampling of these restaurants on a sliding scale. The Michelin guide, that French handbook of ratings, awards stars, right? It is not for us. There are Michelin people who would pale and fall over in delicate faints at some of the places I've been, although, heaven knows, not all of them are of such character. But stars simply will not do. Perhaps the Order of the Golden Shoulder Pad? The Bronze Bat? No. We shall rate the restaurants by that old familiar standard, the trophy. In fact, let's erase all thoughts of Michelin's rating system, we're talking about two different worlds. Instead, these trophies are permissively awarded in an old American way, talking in such factors, in addition to the food, as atmosphere, entertainment and price.

Here is the scale, four trophies signify excellence, the top of the rating. An absence of trophies sounds the alarm of intestinal and esthetic despair.

DON DRYSDALE'S DUGOUT, 14032 ONYX, VAN NUYS, CALIF.

The Dugout looks like just another restaurant

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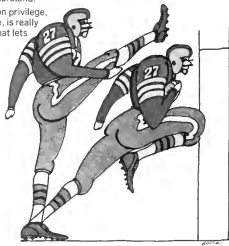
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INDIGESTION continued

neighborhood bar and grill—dark and boozy, with a gas fire flickering on the hearth and a middlebrow jukebox. But the food can be surprisingly good, with excellent min-size sirloins for \$6.50 and lean, meaty spareribs for \$4.50, enough to stagger the average glutton. But on the ribs: ignore the sweet sticky sauce.

Entrées, from \$2.75 for ground sirloin to \$6.95 for lobster tails, come with a big baked potato, sour cream (25¢ extra), garlic-soused sourdough and a huge crisp salad. All this is served by Dodgelettes, peppy cheerleader debbies in white vinyl cling boots and with pre-war ice-cream-cone bosoms.

The coffee cup is bottomless, but the plastic-packaged, ice-crystal-riddled parfaits are a disaster. The *plat du jour* at lunch changes daily—the summer special seems to be Polish (Ron Perranoski) ham on onion roll for 85¢. Shrimp salad à la Maury Willis is \$1.25, and very Drysdale marranos are 85¢; very dry Drysdale himself loopes through the dining room, signing autographs as the mood strikes.

I give it 2½ trophies.



Mc KEEVER'S TROJAN BARREL, 3724 SOUTH FIGUEROA STREET, LOS ANGELES.

California is the junk-food capital of the nation and the Trojan Barrel wins junk-food honors in both the sublime and slightly lethal divisions. The bacon and avocado sandwich is a gastronomic high at \$1.25. Basically a BLT on toast with mayo, plus slippery avocado chunks, it is served with a fine potato salad of remarkable character. Child Size, \$1.10, turns out to be a thick, spicy potato topped with a gristly chopped-meat patty and that glutinous, orange insult to the nation's name, American cheese. Even a junk-food addict might find this a bit of an overdose. But it was sheer inspiration to deliver the steak sandwich, \$1.60, on hunks of garlic bread. Alas, the meat is strictly summer-camp genre, flat and furiously tenderized. There are more conventional sandwiches, too, such as a top sirloin for \$2.90, and chef's salad. Coffee tastes boiled. But there is

continued

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INDIGESTION by Michael Winick

beer on draught, by the pitcher or glass. No desserts. "After our food no one ever wants any," the waiter confided.

The Barrel is a dim, primitive, slightly shabby campus hangout near USC, with tufted banquettes (not unlike Hollywood's status headdress, Chasen's) and a pool table. There is a monster barbecue pit in the patio to cut the chill and cheer the crowd on big football weekends. Hosts Bill and Marvin McKeever also run a bar-bus to Tijuana for the bullfights.

I give it three trophies.



MIKEY MANTLE'S COUNTRY COOK-IN, IRVING, TEXAS.

I have eaten Indian, Moroccan, Armenian, Balinese, Korean, Ukrainian and soul. But "country" is utterly foreign to me. Old-fashioned chicken-fried steak for \$1.95 proved to be breaded beef frosted in cream sauce. "a real truck driver's dish," my country-bred companion assured me. "You've got to eat it fast before the gravy congeals." But even his native palate faltered before Cousin Elvry Mantle's Country Chicken and Dumplin's, \$1.25.

Cousin Elvry claims 200 country gals hooked husbands with her recipe. Gentlemen, this dish is definitely grounds for divorce—raggedy shreds of chicken and thick noodles passing themselves off as dumplings in an eerily unnatural yellow broth. Better to stick with Uncle Phineas' fried chicken. Or maybe Marshall Hezekiah Mantle's Catfish Fillets. Best of all is the chili, meaty and hot, at \$1.25. The hot peach pie was a bit gucky, but the apple was good.

There are waitresses in sneakers and pinafores, oilcloth napery. Depression glassware (you sip your cider from Mason jars), lots of blowups of Mickey around the walls, Sunday biscuits and cornpatch bread. And the menu makes the Mantle clan sound like Faulkner interpreted by Walt Disney.

I give this menu one trophy.



(Golly, maybe even tough Texans

can't take country cooking. A few weeks ago the franchisers, no doubt full of dumplings, shut down this place and another one in Dallas and reorganized the setup. From now on, starting in December with a new place in Alabama, the chain is going to be called Mickey Mantle's and stress will be on steak. No more of that cornpatch bread routine. Believe me, it's all for the best.)

PEARL STREET WAREHOUSE, 2609 N. PEARL STREET, DALLAS.

Cowboys Lance Renzel and Ralph Neely hope to lure swinging Dallas to this 1890s warehouse with its pub, billiards room, South Sea Island Lounge, live entertainment and "continental cuisine." Membership \$50 a year, dues \$15 a month.

There was a slightly tacky jitterbug crowd one night recently, with a few sedate football players and one lively septuagenarian boogalooing with a bottle-blond nymphet. Enter through the docking platform, past the foreman and stacks of barrels, crates and a coffin. Drinks are served by leggy harlowers in dowdy mini-costumes and little else. And they are *fast*—two sips of your drink and they are poised to bring you another one.

The kitchen is wildly erratic. A la carte entrees start at \$3.75 for chicken breast *ris blanc* and run to \$16 for a Chateaubriand for two. The fresh seafood is excellent, but the broiled lobster tail for \$6.25 was tough. A steak, slightly tough, had fine flavor and was rare, as ordered, for \$5.50. Chicken Kiev, a boned, butter-filled breast, \$4.25, was moist and good. Of the hors d'oeuvres, the mushrooms stuffed with crab meat were two lonely Lilliputians at \$1.25, masked in a turgid, orange shroud. The same orange glop, choevet-oriented, no doubt, was equally fatal to the au gratin potatoes at \$1. The Warehouse tosses a fine salad, however, for \$1.25, serves beefsteak tomatoes in the dead of winter and offers fresh asparagus for \$1 in a respectable hollandaise. The Irish coffee is reportedly "the best in Dallas," and fried strawberries and strawberry cream sauce for \$1.50 sounded ghastly but tasted

divine. The menu lists "assorted flambé." Loosely translated, it means assorted flammings, I think. But it took considerable urging to persuade the captain to flame cherries jubilee for \$2, a superproduction number requiring an incendiary specialist.

Mrs. Rentzel, Joey Heatherton, is on the club's board of directors. I'm not sure what that portends.

For the Warehouse: 2½ trophies.



DIZZY DEAN'S BEEF AND BURGER,
PAM ADOLLA, MISS.

All the way to Pascagoula just for fried catfish—only to learn that the catfish theme fell through at this pleasant brick and glass unit of Dizzy's "franchise opportunity of the year."

The sandwich roster runs from ribeye-steak and corned beef at 99¢ through ham and cheese on rye for 94¢, on to ham or beef at 89¢, to what could be the junk-food triumph—the 29¢ chili dog. Corn on the cob, 29¢, was steamed and grilled to a transparent mushiness. But the hamburgers seem to be grilled to order and come with a pleasant charcoal scent. The shakes are good and sweet for 29¢, but the fries, 20¢, were soggy.

Dizzy Dean, pictured with Ike and Arlene Francis and Ol' Diz in color, make up the decor.

I give it two trophies.



GINO CAPPELLETTI'S THE POINT AFTER,
COPELY SQUARE, BOSTON.

The Boston Patriot placekicker hosts what is clearly the obligatory mating scene for Boston's noncollegiate singles. By 10 p.m. they are four-deep around the piano bar, coming each other over the sounds of progressive jazz.

Food is not exactly uppermost in mating minds. But, gradually, a few pragmatic souls drift back to the red womb of a dining room to wade through the sports-garçon-larded menu. Too bad the kitchen is not as imaginative. Stick to

lobster, fresh seafood or steak and you will eat reasonably well. Entrees take off at \$3.95 for chopped sirloin to \$8.95 for baked stuffed lobster. The usual prosciutto with melon costs \$1.50. Onion soup, with melted cheese on a huge floating crouton three inches by three, costs a mere 75¢. Two of the four shrimp in the \$1.95 "cocktail supreme" weren't cleaned. Boiled lobster, \$8.95, was a tender, gargantuan creature. Steak Gino at \$7.95 was a good slab of tender sirloin with wine, mushrooms and green peppers. The loo is coyly labeled "Boys' Locker Room." There is a locker room for girls, too.

For Gino: two trophies.



GINO'S, EAST ORANGE, N.J.

This fast-mushrooming chain, owned and operated by ex-Baltimore Colts *Gino Marchetti* and *Alan Attache*, has now reached to 270 units up and down the Eastern third of the country—all in less than a year. It is easy to see why. Gino's is as good as the best of the fast-food hamburger-fries-shakes self-serves. Giant is the key. Gino's hard-sells giant: giant hamburger, giant shake, giant fries. Makes you want to weep rather than settle for the chintzy standard size. Prices are competitive with McDonald's, with this plus: Gino's also features Kentucky Colonel fried chicken, the Cadillac of computer-cooked chicken. You either love or loathe this pop-food underreach. The East Orange Gino's gets a fivership play from neighborhood prepuheosents.

This is a three-trophy place.



BROADWAY JOE'S, 79TH STREET
CAUSEWAY, MIAMI.

Joe Namath had better make it in the movies because, so far, his indulgence of our more basic appetites is pretty dismal. If the Miami unit is any sample, some unforgivable gastronomic sins are being committed in Joe's name. Even the countermaids in their clingy green and

costumed

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INDIGESTION *continued*

white "No. 12" jerseys are not up to Namath's supposed standards. And the girls are only slightly less stale than the hamburger rolls. Surely the "genuine Jewish rye" must arrive by steamer from New York via the Cape of Good Hope. The architecture is pleasant enough and the quarterback burger, 65¢, and football hero, 75¢, are not bad. But the fried chicken is a dry, bland outrage. The stuffed shrimp were not stuffed. The triple-decker burger boasted a rotten tomato. And what is this? Pink lemonade!

Outside there is a revolving sign picturing Broadway Joe. It was on the blink when last I looked. Do not underestimate the symbolism.

Strictly minus two trophies.



CASSIUS CLAY'S CHAMPBURGER,
6155 NORTHWEST 17TH AVENUE, LIBERTY
CITY, MIAMI.

"We are the GREATEST," boasts the neon bull in boxing gloves just outside this self-service, fast-food eatery of the burger-fries-and-shakes school. The champburger, 53¢, is a fine contender in the pop-food category. The fries are crisp and fresh. There is a sweet-as-a-Popsicle grape-and-orange soda drink for the popheads, plus excellent fried chicken, nicely spiced, juicy and crisp, from 85¢ for a "quick feast," to \$4.50 for 18 pieces of "delicious delight."

I give it two trophies.



JOHNNY UNITAS' GOLDEN ARM,
YORK ROAD PLAZA, BALTIMORE.

By far the best "serious" restaurant on this Tums-and-Alka-Seltzer tour, the Golden Arm has warmth and spirit—plus some good Maryland specialties. Even so, it is worth, at best, only a non-taxing detour from one's schedule. There are salads, cold platters and sandwiches, \$1.05 to \$2.60 at lunch. There is a masculine crowd at the unwinding hour and there are couples and he-man stags at dinner. Friends of host Unitas and Bob-by Boyd? Or was it ladies' bowling league night? Football murals panel the bar.

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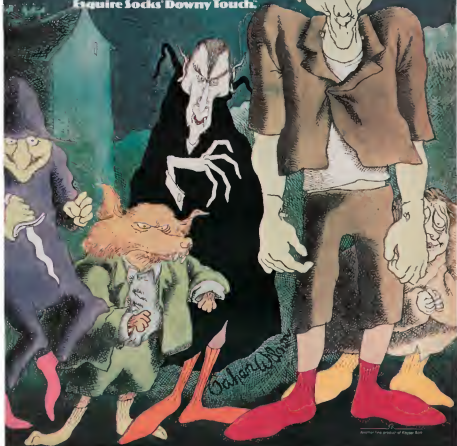
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INDIGESTION continued

There is a stunning oil portrait of old No. 19 from the fullback's view. And the dinner menu is the inevitable matting of football jargon with modestly ambitious gastronomy. In "the Lineup" entrées run from \$3.95 up. For the "Kackoff" there are fat, garlicky snails, \$1.95, or an enormous serving of sweet, fresh crab for \$1.75. Clams casino, \$2, are baked with pimiento, green-pepper bits and bacon. The house tosses a super Caesar salad for \$1.35, and the breadbasket is a genuine triumph, with crusty pumpernickel twist. Best of the crab entrées: all backfin lump crab-cakes, \$3.95. Both the imperial crab in the shell and the stuffed Chesapeake Bay rockfish are draped in the same fluffy mayonnaise-and-egg topping, a bit overjelled. Fried eggplant fingers are a fine flight from the usual vegetable cliché. Our waitress' waddle was not too chic—but she did a cool sommelier performance with the Piesporter Riesling.

This is a three-trophy spot.



ALL-PRO CHICKEN, 125TH STREET AND LENOX AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Black capitalism and crispy fried chicken are now the consuming passions of Brady Keys, once with the Pittsburgh Steelers, then the Vikings and, finally, the St. Louis Cardinals. In Harlem it is both carry out or eat it here in a storefront papered with sports picture blow-ups. Prices range from 99¢ for the All-Pro snack pack with roll and fries, to \$5.98 for a 21-piece bucketful. All plus cole slaw or potato salad, 20¢ or 50¢.

Oh, say, 1½ trophies.



These are the ratings of an intrepid taster with a weakness for junk food. But it takes cast-iron insides to show gastronomic loyalty to many of these athletes. A few are serious hosts and preside over reasonably edible feasts. But too many of them are strictly out of their league.

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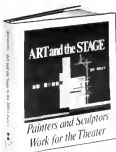


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FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

The Wildest Fastball Ever

Steve Dalkowski's pitches didn't rip through the air, they appeared under mystified Ted Williams' chin as if by magic by PAT JORDAN

On May 7, 1966, shortly after his release from baseball, *The Sporting News* carried a blurred, seven-year-old photograph of one Stephen Louis Dalkowski, along with a brief story that was headlined: **LIVING LEGEND RELEASED**. It began, "Steve Dalkowski, a baseball legend in his own time, apparently has thrown his last professional pitch." The description was not hyperbolic. Despite the fact that he never pitched an inning in the major leagues, few people in organized baseball at that time had not heard of Steve Dalkowski.

The legend began 10 years before, on a hot spring day in Miami, Fla., when Dalkowski was pitching batting practice for the Baltimore Orioles before an exhibition game with the Red Sox. According to several guys who were there, Ted Williams was watching curiously from behind the batting cage. After a few minutes Williams picked up a bat and stepped into the cage. Reporters and players moved quickly closer to see this classic confrontation. Williams took three level, disciplined practice swings, cocked his bat, and motioned with his head for Dalkowski to deliver the ball. Dalkowski went into his spare pump, his right leg rising a few inches off the ground, his left arm pulling back and then flicking out from the side of his body like an attacking cobra. The ball did not rip through the air like most fastballs, but seemed to appear suddenly and silently in the catcher's glove.

The catcher held the ball for a few seconds a few inches under Williams' chin. Williams looked back at it, then at Dalkowski, squinting at him from the mound, and then he dropped his bat and stepped out of the cage. The writers immediately asked Williams how fast Steve Dalkowski really was. Williams, whose eyes were said to be so sharp that he could count the stitches on a baseball as it rotated toward the plate, told them he had not seen the pitch, that Steve Dalkowski was the fastest pitcher he ever faced and that he would be damned if he would ever face him again if he could help it.

Ted Williams was not the only baseball authority awed by Dalkowski's speed. Paul Richards, Harry Brecheen, Earl Weaver and just about anyone who had ever seen him throw claimed he was faster than Johnson or Feller or any of

the fabled oldtimers. The Orioles, who owned Dalkowski from 1957 to 1965, once sent him to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, where they used Army equipment to test the speed of his fastball. The machine clocked it at 93.5 mph, about 5 mph slower than Bob Feller's, which was clocked on similar equipment. But Feller had thrown his fastball from a high mound, which added 5 to 8 mph to its speed, and Dalkowski had thrown his from level ground. Also, Dalkowski had pitched a game the day before, which it was estimated knocked off another 5 to 10 mph. Finally, Dalkowski was literally exhausted by the time the machine clocked his pitch because he had thrown for 40 minutes beforehand, just trying to get a fastball within range of the device. All things considered, it was assumed conservatively that Dalkowski, when right, could throw a baseball at well over 105 mph.

His problem at Aberdeen was typical. His wildness was chronic and incurable. In nine years of minor league pitching he walked 1,354 batters in 995 innings. He struck out 1,396. In his last year of high school Dalkowski pitched a no-hitter in which he walked 18 batters and fanned the same number. In 1957 at Kingsport he led the Appalachian League with 129 walks, 39 wild pitches and 121 strikeouts in 62 innings. He once walked 21 batters in a Northern League game and in another he struck out 21 batters to tie a league record. In 1960 Dalkowski set a California League record with 262 walks in 179 innings. He fanned the same number. In 1961 he set a Northwest League record with 196 walks in 103 innings while striking out 150 batters.

Stories of Dalkowski's speed and wildness passed from one minor league town to another. Inevitably, the stories outgrew the man, until it was no longer possible to distinguish fact from fiction. But, no matter how embellished, one fact always remained: Dalkowski struck out

more batters and walked more batters per nine-inning game than any professional pitcher in baseball history.

It was because of his blinding speed that the Baltimore Orioles bore with him through eight years of frustration. Each year the Oriole management would try something new to discipline his talent. They made him throw fastballs at a wooden target. They made him throw on the sidelines until he was exhausted, under the assumption that once his lively arm was tired and his speed muted he could throw strikes. They bought him thick, Captain Video-type eyeglasses to correct his faulty 20-30, 20-60 vision. They made him pitch batting practice every day for two straight weeks in the hope that facing a batter would help guide his pitches. And finally they made him throw from only 15 feet away from his catcher with the belief that once he threw strikes from that distance the distance could be increased gradually to 60 feet six inches, from where he would also throw strikes.

Nothing doing. After 20 minutes throwing at a wooden target the target was in splinters. No matter how long he threw on the sidelines his arm never got tired. No matter how thick his glasses were all they helped to do was further terrify already terrified batters. In the end all the experiments failed, chiefly because if ever a man was truly possessed by his talent it was Steve Dalkowski.

"When I signed Steve in 1957," said Baltimore Scout Frank McGowan, "he was a shy, introverted kid with absolutely no confidence. Even in high school he walked everybody. But we gave him a \$4,000 bonus, the limit at the time, because Harry Brecheen said he had the best arm he ever saw. Everyone knew it was a gamble, but we all thought it was worth it."

"I feel there were three things in particular that prevented Steve from making the big leagues. The first was that

continued

boy he almost killed in Kingsport. He hit him in the side of the head with a fastball and the boy never played ball again. They say the kid was never quite right in the head afterward, either.

"After that Steve was always terrified of hitting someone. One year Clyde King, his manager at Rochester, put a batter on each side of the plate and made Steve throw between them. He threw five or six strikes right down the middle.

"Another reason why he didn't make it was that he was too easily led. He seemed always to be looking for someone to follow, and in the minors he followed the wrong guys. One year we sent him to Pensacola to play under Lou Fitzgerald, an easygoing oldtimer. And who do you think Steve got hooked up with?—Bo Belinsky and Steve Barber! I think Steve could have made it if he was ever led by the right guys. Once we put Harry Brocheen behind the mound to talk to him on every pitch, Steve threw nothing but strikes. But the minute Har-

ry walked off, Steve was as wild as ever.

"Finally, I think the Orioles made too much of a fuss over him. They were always billing him as the 'fastest pitcher alive,' and I think the publicity hurt him. Stuff like taking him to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, and conducting all those experiments. I think he would have been a lot better off if they just left him alone. . . ."

But if Dalkowski failed to discipline himself and his talent, no one doubted his desire. He never took exception to the many experiments the Orioles performed with him, and Brocheen once said that if ever a man deserved to make the majors it was Dalkowski. There were many people close to Dalkowski who said that he suffered those experiments too good-naturedly, that he should have gotten angry and rebelled against them. But rather than become angry with all the interest in him, he seemed bewildered and confused by it. And no matter how many hours he worked in the distant ball-

pens of Aberdeen, Kingsport and Pensacola, Dalkowski never really seemed a part of all those experiments.

Then there was always the feeling that he never got angry enough for success. If he could only begrudge someone else's success; if he could only berate those with inferior talent who had surpassed him, it might inspire him to succeed. But all he ever said was that he hoped for his own success because he had carried his own uniform too long, and ridden the buses too often, and that, "I never really met a ballplayer I didn't like."

By 1962 the Orioles, suddenly luxuriating in an embarrassment of riches in the pitching department, became tired of Dalkowski. He was shipped to Elmira of the Class A Eastern League, with strong prospects of even further descent. But under Earl Weaver, Dalkowski began to throw strikes—relatively speaking, that is. For the first time in his career he walked fewer batters (114) than innings pitched (160), while still striking out a

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substantial number (192). He won seven games, lost 10, and posted a respectable 3.04 ERA. He led the league in shutouts with six, and also completed eight of 19 starts, the most of his career.

"I felt that he had been given every tip on control that was ever known," said Weaver. "I knew there wasn't anything I could tell him that he hadn't heard 100 times before. So all I did was try to keep quiet."

The next spring Dalkowski's progress was the talk of the Orioles' training camp. In one three-inning relief stint against the Dodgers he fanned five and gave up no hits or walks. After that, Harry Brecheen said that Dalkowski was just the sort of reliever the Orioles had been looking for. His prospects were definitely bullish. Then in an exhibition game near the end of spring training, Dalkowski fielded a bunt and threw off-balance to first base. He got the runner, but also pinched a muscle in his elbow. He was never the same pitcher again.

The Orioles shipped him to Rochester of the International League in the hopes that his arm might come around there. But he could pitch only 12 innings, and then 29 innings at Elmira, and for the first time his strikeout average slipped to less than one per inning. The following season he started at Elmira and then drifted down to Stockton. In 1965 he was sent to Tri-Cities of the Class B-caliber Northwest League, and finally in midseason the Orioles released him. The Los Angeles Angels picked him up and sent him to San Jose, but the following spring the Angels gave him his unconditional release.

Dalkowski drifted down to Mexico to play in the Mexican League in 1968, only to arrive just as a major hurricane disrupted the entire league. Steve finally returned to Stockton where he married a schoolteacher. He worked for a while in his mother-in-law's chain of pet shops then he divorced his wife and disappeared from sight.

Steve Dalkowski's real fame lies not in any list of statistics or legends but in all those low minor league towns like Wellsville and Leesburg and Yakima and Stockton, where young players still struggle toward the major leagues. To these minor-leaguers Dalkowski always symbolized every frustration and elation they had ever felt. His successes and failures were theirs and, though he failed, they looked with pride on that, too. Because his failure was not one of deficiency, but rather of excess. He was *too* fast. His ball moved *too* much. His talent was *too* superhuman. In a way, Dalkowski's failure softened the granness of their own possible failure. It did not matter that he never won a major league game, or never became a star, or never even threw a single strike past Ted Williams. It mattered only that once, just once, Steve Dalkowski threw a fastball so hard that Ted Williams never even saw it. No one else could claim that.

2ND

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOCIOLOGY AT SYRACUSE

Sirs:

We must commend Pat Putnam's objectiveness in his outline of the alleged racism on the Syracuse University football team (*End of a Season at Syracuse*, Sept. 28). However, the record speaks for itself. The most acclaimed of Syracuse football players have been both black and coached by Schwartzwalder. Coach Ben is simply a victim of the times, in which, somehow, the authority and consequent decision-making of the head football coach have been confused with repression and discrimination.

GERALD M. OLESZEK
KNOWLTON C. FOOTE

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Your portrayal of Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder reveals more than a tough, uncompromising ex-major with knotty forearms and a hoary head. He is pictured wearing a shirt emblazoned with "S.U.A.D.," presumably identifying him as a member of his school's athletic department. This makes him a teacher. Mr. Schwartzwalder is entitled to his personal opinions about "Communists, draft dodgers, flag burners or people trying to destroy our country," but as a teacher of young men in 1970 he must also be a sociologist. There is no room for people who "don't know what's happening anymore."

JOCK STEWART

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

As a former varsity man at Syracuse University, I believe that the imbroghio there has given a wrong image of the team, the coach and the school. Long before many other colleges let down the bars to black athletes, Syracuse was accepting them on the same basis as whites. Coach Schwartzwalder is no bigot. He is a tough disciplinarian and a firm believer in clean, hard football. Syracuse has a long tradition of good sportsmanship. I hope that tradition will reassure itself.

PAUL BENJAMIN

Schenectady

LESSONS FROM FOOTBALL

Sirs:

Sandy Treadwell must have an abundance of romanticism and an equal share of stupidity to believe that a game of football could wipe out the memory of four needless deaths at Kent State University, even for one moment (*Not Such a Bad Scene at All*, Sept. 28).

Just ask those freaks who cheered (ginned) at the Kent State-Ohio game, and I'm sure

they will tell you that one football victory or a million can't wipe out the bad scene at Kent State.

JIM FINLAYSON

Dearborn, Mich.

Sirs:

Many thanks for the fine article on Coach Dave Puddington of Kent State. After months of reading about Namath, Clay and other smoothies, it's refreshing to read about a good old-fashioned square.

MIKE GRADY

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

As a native Oklahoman I grew up with two strong loyals. One was for Okla. populum, and most people would call me a radical today. But my true fanaticism is directed toward the Oklahoma Sooners.

My love of sports has helped me to see one thing clearly: the evils in this society are not created by evil people—only misguided ones. When Oklahoma is on the move and my heart is in my throat (flamed by my long hair), I feel a special kinship with all of my fellow Sooner fanatics, whether they be hard-hatted construction workers with mortar on their boots or bald-headed professors with mortarboard cover-ups. Saturday afternoons hiled with football have made me realize that the only bombs I want to see are Jack Midren's touchdown passes against Texas.

JOHN EFFINGER

Los Angeles

HARD FACTS

Sirs:

I was shocked and stunned upon reading your article on the Vikings-Chiefs game (*The Faux Moves into the Past*, Sept. 28). You say that old-fashioned hard-nosed football beat the Kansas City Chiefs. Let me remind you that old-fashioned hard-nosed football did not beat the Chiefs when it counted, nor did it beat the Jets when it counted.

Furthermore, who is Viking Jim Vellone trying to kid when he says, "What's the difference between this game and the Super Bowl? Eight months. Eight months of thinking." I'll tell you what the difference is—\$7,500 and a lot of fame!

BILL ST. ANGELO

Valley Stream, N.Y.

FLYING HIGH

Sirs:

Your football "expert" (*College Football 1970*, Sept. 14) was certainly right about Air Force not treating its fans to last-second thrills. When a team is averaging more

than 40 points per game, the good old fans are exhausted by the end of the game.

DONALD J. BARRITT
Colorado Springs, Colo.

HARDSHIP CASES

Sirs:

In your comments in SCORECARD (Sept. 28) regarding the signing by the Denver Rockets of Spencer Haywood and Ralph Simpson, I noted a trace of condemnation of the Rockets for this alleged "campus raiding." You failed to emphasize that both Haywood and Simpson approached the Rockets, not the other way around. John McLendon, who coached the Rockets at the start of the 1969-70 season, had also coached Haywood for the '64 Olympics. And Simpson and Haywood were high-school buddies.

The real problem is that professional sports have made no provision to handle hardship cases, athletes who have to help support families, go to school and play collegiate athletics on small scholarship aids. A simple regulation could make it mandatory for an athlete who must delay his education in order to make a livelihood to submit his name to the league commissioner. He could then be awarded to a team by a lottery-type drawing, provided the winning team made an appropriate offer.

In the meantime, we are thrilled to have two potential superstars on our team.

SID LAYV

Denver

SOFT BALL

Sirs:

It is very disappointing to me that the only coverage you could give the Amateur Softball Association of America's 38th men's 12" fast-pitch tournament was three lines in *FOR THE RECORD* (Sept. 28). More than 28,000 teams compete for the distinction of being national champions.

It is unfortunate that your readers were unable to learn about the many exciting events that took place during the recent tournament. For instance, the Raybestos Cardinals of Stratford, Conn., who repeated as champions, are one of only a few teams in the history of this tournament to win back-to-back titles. Pitcher Bonnie Jones of the runner-up DeLeon squad pitched a total of 66 innings in one week (including 26 in one day). This is an amazing feat in itself, and no major league baseball pitcher is that durable. And last but not least, my club, in its first year of national competition, was very fortunate to finish a respectable sixth.

JIM ANXETER
Manager
Anxeter Bros. Softball Team
Skokie, Ill.

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